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Collier's

THE NA LY

Cover by John Bradshaw Crandell

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Alice Duer Miller's Sparkling new Story

"WELCOME HOM

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MADISON

DEC. 31, 1927

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A wet gas is an atomized mixture of gasoline vapor with liquid drops of raw gasoline. These drops, resisting the action of the spark, make starting difficult and cause an uneven and sluggish power-flow.

The *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline vaporizes completely. It forms a *dry* gas—a perfect mixture of gasoline vapor and air which responds immediately to the spark, providing an even flow of power from all cylinders.

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Texaco Petroleum Products

The **NEW** *and* **BETTER**

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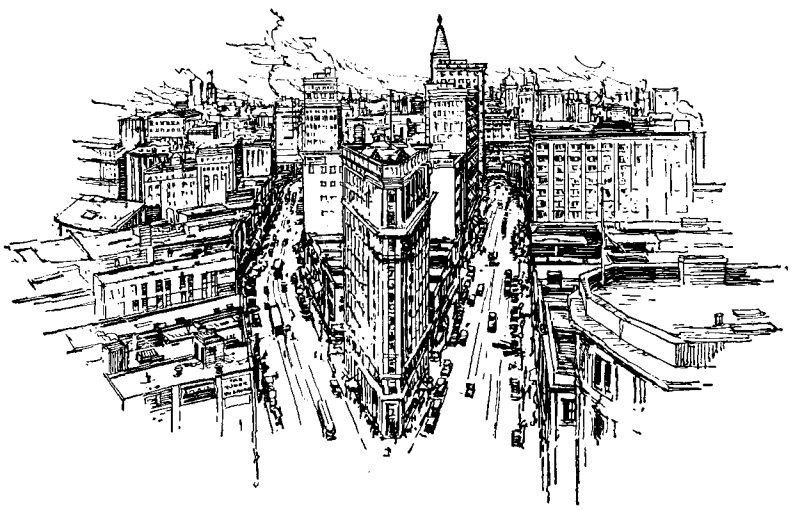

THE great industrial capital of the South—Atlanta, with her 19,634 acres—is but one-fifth the size of "Dunlop City."

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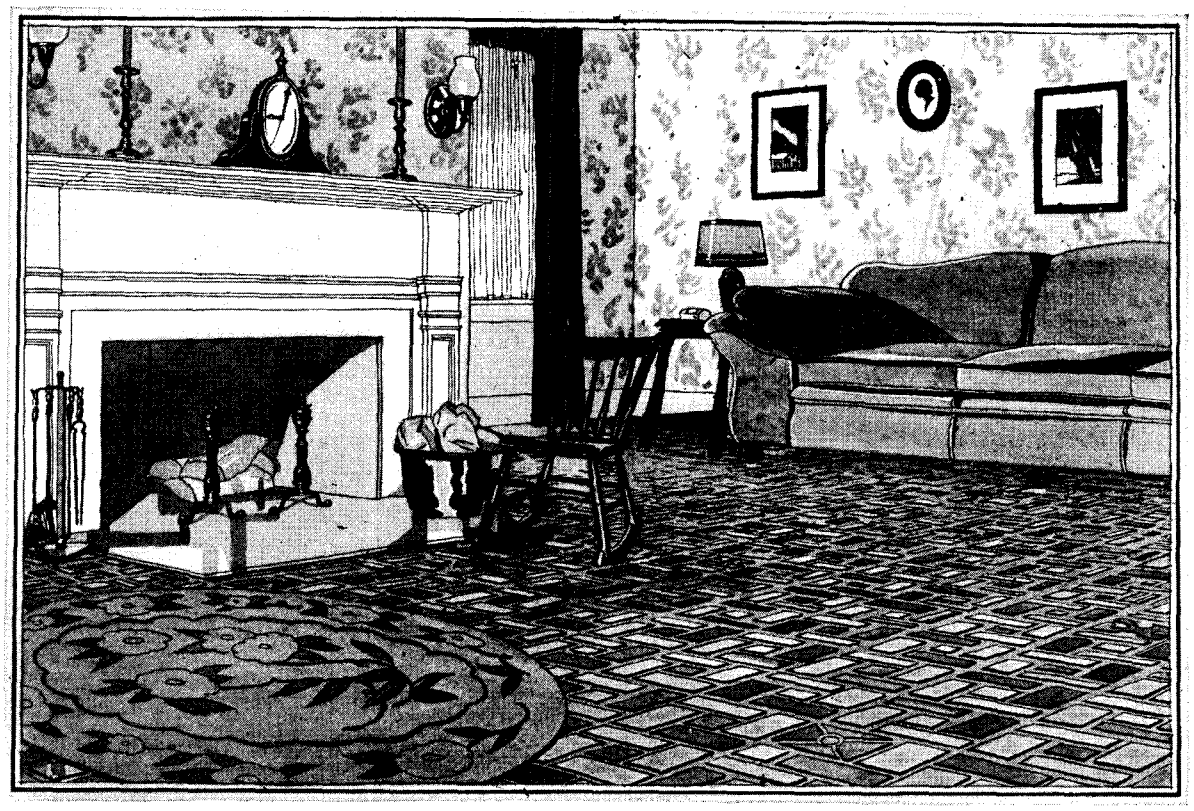
Now All Fifteen ROOMS

have FLOORS *that save worry and housework*

Cleaning floors is no longer a task in the home of Mrs. H. G. Wood of Hallowell, Maine. Read her labor-saving secret in the story below



"Our Armstrong Floors have been a great help to us in remodeling our old Colonial house. And they're still a great help," says Mrs. Wood. "They require little more cleaning care than I spend in dusting my furniture." The living-room, shown to the left, has a floor of actual texture — Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid No. 6028.

"I knew these floors would be easier to care for, but I had no idea they'd make so much difference." Mrs. Wood's entrance hall to the left has a floor of Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Linoleum. Design 6028.

ABOUT a year ago, when the Woods decided to remodel a fine old Colonial home in Hallowell, Maine, Mrs. Wood naturally was delighted. For this was exactly the type of home she'd always wanted.

"But I must confess I was worried, too," says Mrs. Wood; "for although the rooms in our new house were lovely, there were fifteen of them — more than double the number in our old home. How in the world could I ever take care of them?"

She puzzled over it for days; then suddenly found the answer in an advertisement like this.

"Modern Linoleum Floors! Why hadn't I thought of them before? And they could be cemented down right over the old, worn, hard-to-clean floors!

"Mr. Wood and I visited a linoleum store and selected a pretty Armstrong's Linoleum Floor for each one of our fifteen rooms.

"I knew, of course, that these floors would be easier to care for. But I had no idea they'd make *so much* difference. Why, today my home — as far as floors are concerned — requires little more care than one of half its size. These Armstrong floors are hardly any trouble at all. Two or three times a year we wax them. Then on cleaning days a quick dust-mopping keeps them bright and sparkling.

"And not only that, but their color and lovely pattern are the envy of all my friends."

With just the simple care that Mrs. Wood describes, Armstrong's Linoleum Floors last for years. They actually grow mellower, more beautiful, with age. And, cemented down over builders' deadening felt, they retain their pleasing one-piece effect. They are floors of lifetime beauty.

Helpful Ideas in New Book . . . Whether you're redecorating an old home or planning a new one, you'll find dozens of helpful hints in Hazel Dell Brown's new 32-page book, "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration." Mailed anywhere in the United States for ten cents. (Canada, 20c.) You will also learn how to secure, free of charge, Mrs. Brown's personal advice on planning *your* house beautiful. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 900 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

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Welcome Home

By ALICE DUER MILLER

The refreshing and delightful story of a young man who opened a door with a latchkey he hadn't used for four long years

THE clock in the Metropolitan Life Tower was striking midnight when Bentham, after his long journey, finally got away from the dock. His taxi took him north along the river front. The streets were being flushed, and gave off that smell of suddenly dampened dust that they give off in a summer shower. Otherwise everything was quiet—freight cars and trucks were put away for the night. "What a city ours is!" Bentham thought, and felt an impulse to talk to the driver, but his back, vast and hunched, looked like a sitting Buddha, and discouraged conversation.

They turned east along Thirty-fourth Street, and life and lights were still going in the neighborhood of the Pennsylvania Station. By the time they reached Fifth Avenue they found it as crowded as at midday. Madison Avenue too. Then again the traffic grew less, and by the time they drew up before the four-story, brownstone, high-stoop house in the East Thirties everything was once again silent, except for the elevated railroad, where now and again a train went rattling by.

Bentham leaned forward and looked at the meter. "Well," he said, without a trace of ill temper, "that is just about twice what it ought to be."

The driver staged a little act of outraged honesty. "Look at the meter," he said. "It's not what I say, it's—"

"I know, I know," replied Bentham. "I drove a taxi for a week or so in Buenos Aires once."

THE man changed his mood entirely. "It's hard enough to support your family as things are," he said.

"Oh, well, if you will get married," replied Bentham, and gave him the fare and a tip, and, taking his bag, was turning away, when the man leaned out and asked as one who wants an answer: "But what else can a man do but get married, things being as they are? I mean," he added, as if this were going to make it all perfectly clear: "what else can you do?"

Bentham shook his head. "The majority is with you, but for me, give me liberty or give me death," and he went up the steps feeling for his latchkey.

He had known it was ridiculous to have carried on a trip to South America the latchkey of a house which for six years he had hardly entered—and for four of those years had been definitely forbidden to enter. Yet now he found it a convenience to have it—if it worked

Table of contents on page 44

"Who are you?" said the girl, "and what in the world are you doing here?"

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The door of the kitchen closet opened on a crack, through which a lovely little white nose appeared

—battle-scarred as it was from opening innumerable bottles of those pale yellow and pink bubbling liquids which are so varied and so numerous in Latin America.

The brown door of the house was shut, and he was obliged to verify the number to be sure that it was his father's house. Everything had changed. When he saw it last it was one of a long line—all four-story twenty-foot brownstone houses—and now it stood alone, dark, set back from the buildings on either side, a tall yellow brick apartment and an elaborate red brick private house which seemed to put it to shame, like a Negro slave between two beautiful Circassians.

The key bit and turned in the lock, and the outer door opened. So did the inner one. He was amused that his hand went accurately to the switch and he turned on the light. The air of the house felt cold and clean and dead after the hot, dusty winds of the August streets, but he did not notice the change—so absorbed was he in his own boyhood, which seemed to meet him in the hallway. If he believed in ghosts, as all those Indians of the Andes so firmly did—ghosts of dead miners, ghosts of Inca kings—even the Indian runner who had come into camp with the cable announcing his father's death had met the old man's spirit on the road. . . . Everything was exactly as he remembered it, except that the carpets were up: yes, there was the tall, heavy Chinese vase that served as an umbrella stand—and in it was standing an umbrella with a crook handle, the kind his father had always carried. He looked up the long, straight stairs, almost expecting to see his father standing there saying, from his grim box-like mouth: "Well, Thomas, back again? Another failure, I suppose." He stood still listening—had there been a movement somewhere in the house? No, only the rattle of a night train on the elevated, not half a block away.

The house was arranged like all the small houses built in the middle of the nineteenth century in New York, in fact New Yorkers of the day actually came to believe that no other arrangement of the universal twenty-foot lot was possible—a long, narrow hallway, a long, narrow drawing-room, with two windows on the street, a dining-room at the back with a pantry in an extension. Bentham looked into the drawing-room—the floors were bare and tne furniture pushed back against the wall. Possibly the room had been used in his mother's lifetime, but he and his father had never met there—but always upstairs in the library, which ran across the front of the house.

HE WENT up there at once—it too was just the same: a heavy, ugly room with low bookcases of modern mahogany running round it, and in the middle was a flat mahogany desk at which he could remember his father sitting and writing of an evening. Over the mantelpiece was the portrait of his mother, in large pink-and-white satin sleeves, her hair drawn back tight from her forehead and done in a Grecian knot.

He stared at the picture with something of a shock. Why, she was just a girl, and as a child he had sat and looked up at that picture and thought of her as a great, powerful, grown-up person. He smiled. She had been younger when she died than he was now. He wondered how that gentle girl—gentle but with a little shy, sly humor in the corner of her mouth—had ever been able to get on with her narrow, dour husband. Even as a child he had had a craving to know about his mother—not as a parent but as a human being, only his father could not tell him—his father was incapable of presenting her in any way but as an impeccable featureless ideal, as ungraspable as the nineteenth-century biographies of Washington.

He sank down a minute on the sofa before the fireplace. What would she have thought of all the quarrels? His father always invoked her in the course of them. "Thank God," he always said at some point, "that your mother did not live to see her only child . . ."

THEIR quarrels had been equally violent whether they were concerned with the younger man bringing home an unexpected friend to dinner or being expelled from school for gambling. . . .

Tom had imagined that he did not love his father—the reverse in fact—and yet when the Indian came into camp with the cable from the lawyer he had experienced a very real and poignant emotion—first, oddly enough, surprise, as if his father had been an immortal, and then regret and self-reproach. . . . Yet he could not see even now how the breach could have been avoided, unless he had been willing to give up his own life entirely to his father's guidance—good heavens, a small wholesale linen trade!—he could never have stood it. His father was a man with whom no compromise was possible.

Tom himself was not at all bitter; light-hearted and a trifle irresponsible, he bore no rancor against anyone, and it was terrible to him to think of his father dying alone, hopeless, disappointed in that room over there back of the library. . . . If he had known in time, he would have come back—he did come as quickly as he could—but, if he had arrived in time, there would have been no deathbed reconciliation: his father's was not the sort of nature that changed its opinion for a trifle like the approach of death. . . .

Tom sprang up—this floor of the house was too deeply charged with the old man's presence; he would go up to his own room on the floor above. It had been one of the many irritations of his boyhood that he had been given the room in the back, while the sunny front room had been kept as a spare room—kept vacant, for no one ever came to stay.

At the foot of the stairs he was suddenly aware of a strange, sweet smell of flowers: fresh flowers—lilies of the valley? No, not quite, but one of those sweet, white funeral flowers. . . . How absurdly his mind was running on such things! The funeral had taken place a month ago.

He went upstairs, trying to think where the switch had been in his room, and then remembering with something between pain and amusement that there wasn't any switch—that he and his father had had one of their bitterest battles over that.

He had been just sixteen when his father, after grave deliberation, had decided to wire the house for electricity, but he had done it as economically as possible. A wall switch had been put in the vacant spare room but not in Tom's room. Tom had insisted, had offered to pay the expense—eighteen dollars, if he remembered rightly: a huge sum for him—out of his monthly allowance. . . . His father had made the request a text for a sermon on the boy's habits—doubtless when he came in late with an unsteady hand. . . . It had all taken place just after his expulsion from school. Until then he had never been drunk in all his life, but that night he was. . . .

HE STOOD still in the black, open doorway, trying to recall where the nearest bracket was. Ah, yes, of course. He set his bag down with something of a bang, and suddenly a low feminine cry rang close at hand, the light was turned on by another hand, he saw his old room illumined in a second, and in his bed, with her hair apparently standing on end, a girl was sitting straight up, staring at him!

She was the sort of woman whom, if you had met her in a crowded room in her hat and furs, you might hardly have noticed. She was not a great, startling, brilliant beauty. But, seeing her like this—her long, round throat stretched, her delicate young arms supporting the weight of her body—no one, unless blind, could fail to notice her extraordinary perfection. Her coloring was delicate—light-blue eyes—faint purple shadows in her ivory skin, dusky hair

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Illustrated by JULES GOTLIEB

"Well, Mr. Robinson, may I ask how it was that you allowed that to happen?"

that stood out straight about her head like a smoky halo—the result not of terror but of the well-known effect of a pillow on a bob.

Tom Bentham, who had the misfortune to be at the same time extraordinarily observant and excessively fastidious, so that he saw defects that other men ignored or failed to notice, now experienced an emotion that he had never felt before except in the presence of some supreme work of art—a sense of complete peace and satisfaction, as if he had reached some ultimate goal, as if nothing better of this particular sort could exist, and he had seen it. . . . But, then, he had just returned from a year in the wilderness.

They stared at each other for a second or two which seemed like unlimited time. She saw a lightly built young man, dressed in blue serge, with a rather battered felt hat pushed far back on his forehead. He was graceful, as any thin, active young animal is graceful. His face was brown and rather pointed about the nose, and his gray eyes—too light for the dark shade of his complexion (but this may have been the result of his months in the tropics), actually flared with his keen interest in the great spectacle of life.

HIS face was the first to lose the tenseness of surprise. He smiled as if they were old friends, or as if any adventure was an old story and a new delight to him. He waved his hand. "Greetings," he said, and he had a queer, little, low voice.

"Who are you?" said the girl, "and what in the world are you doing here?"

He laughed. "Well, considering that this is my house and my room, and even my bed, I think that question would come better from me."

"You must have got into the wrong house," she said, and so convinced was her tone that the thought flashed through his own mind as a possibility; then he remembered his mother's picture downstairs, and this room filled with reminiscences of his youth.

"As," he returned, "I am now staring at a photograph of myself as a member of my baseball team . . ."

She glanced up over her bed at the framed photograph: "Oh, that wisp of a boy who looks like a thin kitten? Is that you?" She glanced back at him. "Oh, yes," she said, "I see—it is."

"If you mean," he replied querulously, "that I am a wisp of a man and look like a kitten, I protest. . . ."

"You must go immediately," she said, and her tone suggested that no answer was possible.

He sat down on his bag, pushed his hat still further back, and dangled his hands between his knees. "You know I thought it was fresh flowers—your perfume—it caught me at the foot of the stairs. . . ."

"This is no time to be discussing perfumes," she said. "Please go."

"I," observed Bentham, "am a very decent, amenable sort of a fellow. I am quite capable of leaving my own house at the request of a lady—if civilly put—but I must insist on getting some explanation of her presence. Until I get that explanation, I shall sit just where I am."

There was silence while she studied him. "Well," she said. Then she leaned forward and picked up from the foot of the bed a garment of the palest blue silk and wrapped it about her shoulders over her pink nightgown. She had spoken as if about to set out on her explanation, but instead fell back into silence.

"You see," he went on, finding she was not going to speak—"you see, I had been rather expecting to meet a family ghost—my father perhaps—rising from the grave to forbid me the house for the hundredth time."

"You did not get on with your father?"

"HE DID not get on with me is the way I put it. It occurs to me that perhaps you *are* a ghost. They say that ghosts are a tangible product of human thought—that the little girls in England who photographed the fairies actually created them out of their own wish to see them. I can imagine nothing a man coming home from a year in the jungle would wish more to see than a lovely person like yourself. . . ."

She interrupted him firmly. "I am not a ghost," she said.

"No," he said, "I was afraid I had never done anything quite so clever as to invent you. And yet in a way it's nice too—that you're not a mere spirit, and to assure myself of it—"

"Stay just where you are," she returned, and there was no doubt of it—she was a young woman accustomed to being obeyed. "Are you quite sure—you have not made a mistake in the number—don't you want the apartment house next door?" He wagged his head slowly, and her voice died away. "You are not a burglar," she said flatteringly. "I can see that. It isn't possible, is it, that you are a friend or connection of Mr. Bentham's—the former owner?"

He gave a cry: "The *former* owner?"

"Didn't you know that the house had been sold?"

"I certainly did not. Sold!—*sold* with my mother's picture still on the wall downstairs!"

"Oh," she said, "is that a picture of your mother? She must have been lovely. I believe there was a clause in the sale that you could take out any special objects that you value."

"But I value everything," said Bentham. "All the associations of my youth are here. There are books and guns and things I bought with the first money I ever earned; there are Chinese plates with figures on them about which I used to tell myself long stories at Sunday lunch; there are old books of engraving. . . . I don't believe my father had a legal right to sell all these things without my consent."

"This is not the time to discuss the legal aspect of it," she answered. "If you will come back tomorrow afternoon, I will go over the things you want to take away."

He stood up. "All right," he said, "I'll go."

She nodded brightly. "Good night," she said.

HIS eyes fell on his own old alarm clock; he recognized it instantly by a dent in the bell! How well he remembered the night it had slipped from his hands as he was attempting to wind it up after a night of revelry—and the immediate entrance of his father—and the long scene between them. . . . He took it up; it was ticking and set for six o'clock. "You're an early riser," he said.

She began to grow impatient. "I'll be an early riser after a very short night if you won't go," she returned.

"I'm going—can't you see?" he said. "Only there must be something feminine in my nature because I always think of the most important things to say after I get up to leave."

To his surprise he saw the girl's straight brows draw together, and she spoke with a new vitality and interest: "That's *not* feminine," she said.

"It's usually thought to be," he answered.

"By men—by men. It's one of the innumerable silly things men are accustomed to saying about women. All the jobs men think too boring to do, and all the qualities they despise too much to admit having, they give to women, and if a woman doesn't have them, men call her unfeminine."

"I read that in a book once."

"I did not say it was original. It's merely true. . . . There, don't set your bag down again."

"Are you a suffragist, a feminist—whatever they call it?"

"Yes, only I've never done anything about it—except that I hate men."

This time he did put his bag down—he was so much interested. "You hate men?" he asked.

"Yes—it seems to be a new idea to you. I hate some and despise the rest."

"I wonder which category I belong to?"

"I really could not say so early in our acquaintance—the latter, I should imagine."

"I think," he said very gently, "that I should prefer the former, if you don't mind, but it is all very interesting. Tell me, have you always hated men?"

"No," she answered—"no, I began life thinking they were just as wonderful as they said they were: and you know how wonderful that is. No, it's only in the last two years that all this has happened."

"Oh, just since I was out of the country," he returned. "But now that I have come back and that we have finally met—"

She interrupted him rather curtly. "Won't you please go?" she said.

He sighed. "You're the least chatty person I ever met. I can nearly always get people to talk to me, when I feel inclined to talk—Indians and sea captains and waitresses and taxi men—"

"Nearly (*Continued on page 40*)

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Wide Open

"Whatever rolls into the pockets

IN CHICAGO "the boys" are keeping off the street because Big Bill Thompson told them to. Indoors, however, personal liberty goes on its rollicking, boisterous way. They've slackened up a bit for the moment to arrange things so the graft won't slip into undeserving channels. If you don't have organization in business, where are you? But don't let them tell you that the lid's back on.

Keystone

In the dead decorous days Chicago forcibly collected and smashed its gambling machines. But not today

LITTLE TIP GALLAGHER was trying to make it clear that there was quite a difference between the Chicago of William Hale Thompson and the William Hale Thompson of Chicago.

"A stranger wouldn't unnerstan', see," he said. He still wears a mourning band on his left arm in memory of his brother Monty, who was killed two years ago in one of the regular weekly bombings of Benny Wasser's Canary Bird Cage under the Englewood branch elevated. "A stranger wouldn't unnerstan'.

"When the Big Fella — that's Thompson, see—comes up, unnerstan', we get the paper that the racketeers is got to keep it offa the streets. See? Keep it offa the streets. Plenty of law and order, see—on the streets."

Little Tip was contributing his share to the information I was seeking about Chicago. To understand the situation as we discussed it in one of Chicago's most popular beer halls or, to give them Little Tip's name, Alco Halls, you must consider the background of his narrative.

When the Big Fellow, or Bill the Builder, was preparing to enter upon his third term of office, last April, he made a number of promises one of which fetched from the very soul of Chicago an eerie sound which, being analyzed, proved to be prolonged cheering on undertones of hollow groans.

This particular promise was, in effect, that as mayor he would do nothing which might cramp the style of him or her who desired to indulge in a demonstration of personal liberty.

As Little Tip put it:

"The Big Boy says: 'Join the big parade and you don't haffta call your shots. Whatever rolls into th' pockets is yourn. See?' "

And Little Tip knows. He is not only prominent in the West Side O'Donnells, but has the confidence of Jimmy Mondi, who used to steer The Ship at Cicero. The Ship was Scarface Al Caponi's gambling house.

Now, that promise of the Big Fellow's was interpreted in a variety of ways. The South Side, which talks as it hits—straight—said that it meant an open town, and with one terrific accord the South Side voted for the promise.

Certain disgruntled elements on the West Side, which do not call him Bill the Builder but Bill the Bull, scoffed and, according to a buddy of Little Tip Gallagher's, a lad called Chop, but who says that he "never mentions no names, not even his own," called it "cat meat."

These cynics were in error, as I shall presently show, but it seems probable that they voted for the Big Fellow, anyway, because the West Side contributed largely to The Victory.

For Beer and Lady Luck

AS I get it, the remainder of the West Side voted for Big Bill not so much in love and faith as hopeful that his promise, if fulfilled, would mean that a body would be able to get his beer without fetching up in a mortuary already embalmed, and do a round of after-the-theatre dancing without being riddled with machine-gun bullets or being put to bed in the Chicago River.

The North Side, from which came much of the hollow groaning, went shuddering to the polls and divided its votes between the Big Fellow and his high-minded opponent, Judge Dever, the latter getting a majority of the frankly respectable votes.

But the sum total of all this was that the Big Fellow was elected with emphasis and almost instantly proceeded to keep that promise which is the foundation of this story.

Without a word from him, Chicago burst open. Bill merely waited long enough to bend an indulgent smile upon the boys, who were already too busy even to smile back, and he rumbled off to his Michigan camp with the faithful Sport Herrmann at his heels.

The opening-up was really nothing more than a comfortable settling down. Where before you could get a drink or take a snatch at the locks of Lady Luck only after sundry alley dodgings, you now could saunter into a thousand and one convenient and better ventilated places where the only credentials demanded were two bits for a shell of reasonable beer and sixty cents for whisky which would have been neither better nor worse had you paid a dollar for it. It is ill-begotten stuff, but what Chicago chooses to drink is Chicago's funeral. The beer, if needled, is not inordinately so.

The federal government protested with raids, of course, and continues sporadically to do so, but every one of Chicago's 208 square miles seemed to have coöperated wholeheartedly in springing a leak, and not one of Chicago's 6,000 cops dared to admonish a speak-easy proprietor in the interest of neighborhood sleep, lest he be condemned as an obstructor of the Will of the People and sent back, shieldless, to the stock yards.

Millennium in the Whisky Flats

WHISKY flats blossomed into strong life in every section of the city, and taxicab drivers, hotel bell hops, theatre ushers and other unofficial servants of the public became their touts.

All the visitor had to do was to win the heart of a bell hop with a dollar, and forthwith he became possessed of a card bearing the name and address of Mr. and Mrs. Horatius Dinwiddle. Or it might be Billy Gem's The Home of the Smile or Artie Monk's Bourbon Hall. It all depended upon what you looked like or whether there were ladies in the thirsty party.

At the Horatius Dinwiddle flat you could find wines and liquors at a price and quality in keeping with the appointments of the place, its location and its clientele. As a matter of fact, the quality was pretty uniform from Evanston to South Chicago, but you naturally paid more if your tastes ran to tapestried rooms and liveried doormen.

Whisky flats for neighborhood customers became so common that people grew blasé and choosy. Proprietors who used to tell you that you could take it or leave it grew suddenly solicitous for the customer's welfare.

Many office buildings were equipped with their own bars — the larger ones a couple of bars. The pre-war Afternoon Cocktail Trail was revived with such gusto that it almost solved the elevated's evening congestion problem.

Hijacking fell off noticeably because the demand for more beer was so great that the hijackers turned relatively honest and bought trucks of their own and for twenty-four hours a day contributed to the ruin of all roads from Milwaukee and Joliet.

It was soon remarked on all sides that whole weeks would pass without a machine-gun battle or a bombing — which fetches us to the second phase of our story, which is to say Gambling.

I can do no better by you than to present this phase as I got it from Little Tip Gallagher, whose story I was able amply to verify.

It goes like this: "There's been too much racketin' on the streets, and strangers is gettin' so they don't like to come to Chicago, which is bad for business. Well, that's all cat meat, see, because the only shootin' there is is between some mob that's got a good racket and another mob that wants to take it off them. See? Sure. The beer racket, for instance.

"Oh, sure, some hophead knocks over a cigar store or a pay roll once in a while, or maybe a filling station, but what I mean there ain't a lot of stick-ups like a guy walkin' along the street and gettin' run up a alley for his roll. Nothin' like that, except a guy may get worked on if he's out lookin' for it. What I mean, a lot of guys come to Chicago, see, slippin' something over while they're away from home, and get all shocked on hooch, see, and think they're Jack Dempsey or somebody, and the next thing they know they're in a wagon lookin' for a good hospital and the papers got it that another respectable citizen of Minneapolis or somewheres is been pasted up against the side of a house for his roll. See?

"But when the Big Fella comes up it comes down that the boys is got to keep offa the streets. Take it indoors, see. Well, what happens? The boys do what they're told and go inside. It's all right;

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is yourn"—in Chicago

By WALTER DAVENPORT

it's all right. Nobody's goin' to get thin or nothin'. All right. Plenty for everybody.

"So, as I say, the boys went on inside and waited a coupla days. See?

"And then we get the boxes—"

I take the story away from Little Tip here because while the boxes or slot machines were an important factor in the opening up of Chicago they represent only the lower order of the gambling.

Like the whisky flats, poker flats opened up to suit all tastes and purses. The term poker flat is used generically; you could get any sort of action for your money—poker, the handbooks, roulette, chemin de fer, twenty-one and craps. And the establishments where these delights might be partaken of ranged in elegance from houses supporting liveried attendants, croupiers with waxed mustaches and no-limit stud to Al Caponi's two floors on Clark Street (one floor for ladies only) and on down to Two-Finger Reamer's Fair Enough in Thirty-sixth Street.

Perhaps the most diverting of them all was the one which occupied two floors in a large and expensive apartment house within a hundred yards of the Chase Apartments, which are owned by the Big Fellow himself and wherein he lived until recently.

A very undemocratic place! You had to be somebody, or at least look like somebody, even to get so far as for the doorman to order the telephone operator to send your name upstairs.

There were rooms for poker players who couldn't be bothered with limits. There were tables for bridge players who dropped to a dollar a point just for relaxation. There was roulette to be played provided you didn't buy less than $100 worth of markers at a time—and you could buy $5,000 worth if it would make you happier.

Ways for the Ladies

IN BRIEF, it was a swell gambling house, but it had certain innovations which lifted it out of the rut. In a large room near the door to the elevators sat a group of the Boys. They were boys who had served their time at the pistol, machine gun and bomb for Joe Saltis, Dion O'Banion, Hymie Weiss and other mob captains, and it was their duty not only to be on hand for emergencies but also to escort heavy winners home.

For example, last June a gentleman from Cleveland ran his luck up to $71,000 and then announced that he craved sleep. Not so much as a penny of his winnings was represented by check; it was a cash house, as are all of them in Chicago. Also, like the other places, the house did not bother about credits and books. You got what you won—in cash. You paid what you lost—in cash. No welshing on either side, see. You paid or you MIGHT NOT REACH HOME LOOKING NATURAL—if at all. No rough stuff in such elegant surroundings, understand; but outside—

But the point is that the gentleman from Cleveland had $71,000 in his hand, and he suddenly went nervous. It was about three o'clock in the morning, and his hotel was far down Michigan Avenue.

Four of the boys were fetched from their room and were instructed to take the gentleman to the Blackstone Hotel expeditiously and safely. And they did just that. Two of them occupied the front seat of the motor car, and in the rear seat the fortunate visitor sat between the other two. They saw him inside the hotel, where he presented them with the odd thousand-dollar bill.

But an even doggier gambling house is located in the Edgewater Beach sector. It is as expensive as the apartment-house establishment, if not more so, and it is far more exclusive. Just money alone will not pass you through the gates, although if you have enough of it and are careless with it you might buy an introduction. Here you pay for nothing but the privilege of gambling. Food and drink are the gift of the house—and there is no printed menu.

But popular gambling—bridge, poker, the books and craps for the million—housed itself much as the drinking did. Indeed, the two frequently combined if the proprietor was strong-arm enough to swing the combination.

Al Caponi's and Jimmy Mondi's Ladies Only place in South Clark Street did a holiday business every afternoon between two and five, although the place did not lack customers as late as midnight. But the ladies usually played for lower stakes. Bridge might reach a five-cent stage now and then, but only infrequently did the ladies whoop it up with masculine recklessness.

And I regret to have to report that the ladies showed themselves to be harder losers than the men—probably because they have a much harder time getting money. Yet there were but few truly unladylike scenes in the place. Now and then a disappointed woman would make uncomplimentary remarks about a hostess (there were twelve hostesses commanded by a lady named Mrs. Dorney), and it became necessary on occasion to bounce her. Mrs. Dorney was particularly adept at bouncing, her most effective method being to grasp the offending sister by the back hair and push vigorously upward and onward.

"Ladies," said Mrs. Dorney, "can't be losers and laugh it off. Oh, some of them's good sports, but, generally speaking, ladies forget themselves if they get ten or twenty dollars back from where they started. Gimme men."

But now I shall let Little Tip Gallagher resume his telling of the boxes—the slot machines—of which until recently Chicago operated upward of 10,000 and of which presently she will probably have more.

"So we get the boxes, see," said Little Tip, generously ordering beer for five ladies who sat at a table near by. "(The kid wit' the missin' earring's got a brother in Joliet for the big job, see.) We get the boxes and the graft's what you call sweet because everybody gets a piece of it, see.

"Caponi and Mondi's got the distributin' of them, and there's three people wantin' each box. What I mean they ain't enough to go around; everybody wants one, and maybe a dozen, see. Poolrooms, barber shops, drug stores, cigar stores, clubs—everybody.

"You can play them for a nickel or two bits or four bits or a dollar, and while nobody's gettin' rich playin' them nobody's supposed to. Just a little fun, see. It goes like this: I go around to a barber shop and I say, 'Listen, I can get you six boxes because you got a popular place, see.' And if he says, 'No, I only got room for four,' I say, 'Listen, you get six, see,' and he takes his six if he hasta throw out a chair. Generally, though, he's all hopped up about gettin' as many as that because a box pays better than a chair, anyway.

"So the six is moved in all fixed so's they don't go crazy and throw money away. Y'see, it pays in brass checks, and the owner of the place cashes the checks.

"And then at the end of the week me, workin' for Caponi, I come around wit' a couple of other guys to see that nobody starts nothin', (*Continued on page 39*)

Big Bill the Builder in one of his lighter moments, forgetful of the cares of office and the menace of King George

Wide World

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The Tricker

Here is fresh humor—a breeze

THROUGH the din of the usual waterfront noises the throaty whistle of the John D. Grace floated straight to the ears of Bugaboo Jones. The steamboat, coming into New Orleans, was rounding Crescent Bend at Jackson Avenue, and Bugaboo was half asleep on the Bienville Street landing, two miles down the river. But Bugaboo heard.

"Doggone my ole hide," he exclaimed. "Yar she come! Done been plumb up to Vicksburg, and now she done come back! Come on, you scound'el!"

Not that the steamboat meant anything real in Bugaboo Jones' life. The John D. Grace was a sort of vague, dreamy idea that came rearing and snorting up to the slanting wharf about every so often, with the whistle blowing, the bells ringing and the paddle wheel churning and the captain cussing. It was grand! It was glorious! It was, as Bugaboo declared, "somethin' like."

The arrival of the steamboat always interrupted Bugaboo's fishing. But he did not mind. The fish weren't biting much, anyway. And when they did he had to tote them six blocks down the wharf to the fish-buying man at the French Market and then not get more than two bits for them.

Bugaboo did not mind the fishing part of it. He just dropped his hook into the muddy Mississippi and made the line fast to an arrangement of springy wire and bells. That done, he retreated to the shade and rested his eyes until a hapless catfish swallowed the hook and rang the bell.

"I tricked dat bell thing out," he explained. "Fo'ks come down yar and see hit and say, 'Looky yonder at dat lazy nigger—too lazy even to fish.' But hit ain't laziness; hit's jest one er my tricks. I wish I could trick out some way to git 'em to de fish-buying man so's I don't got to tote 'em. Totin' fish is too much sugar for a dime."

Bugaboo was big and very black. And in spite of the childlike expression on his face and the deep layers of soft fat on his body, you thought of a giant or a team of draft horses bending and straining at a heavy load when you looked at him.

But nobody ever saw Bugaboo straining at a heavy load. He just leaned back in the shade and kept one ear open for his bell and the other to catch the talk of the Negro roustabouts who lounged on the wharf or walked up and down gangplanks, carrying bundles of freight.

And such talk as he heard! The womenfolks at Baton Rouge sold fried fish and boiled custard on the boat landing.

At Vicksburg you could buy a pork-chop sandwich for a nickel. At Natchez all the yellow girls came right down to the river and passed remarks with the roustabouts while they worked.

Worked! That was the fly in Bugaboo Jones' steamboating dreams. When the steamboat landed the steamboating boys had to *work.* And such steady work.

IT WOULD be grand enough to lie back on the deck, between landings, and shoot dice or play seven-up without once having to glance around to see if the blue-coated Law were approaching, and sing that song about:

She backed up to Vicksburg and she turned around;
She run right by Natchez and she didn't slow down.
She give a long, keen whistle, sweet thing—
She's down-de-river bound!

But the thing that managed to keep Bugaboo at his fishing lines when he loved the steamboats so much was the one about the loading and unloading:

Cap'm on de b'iler deck, cussin' at de rousters;
Mate on de gangplank, yellin', "Git along."
Driver in de freight shed, keep de nigger turnin'—
Po' boy, po' boy! Hang you' haid!

"And de driver do keep 'em turnin' so stiddy!" Bugaboo lamented.

When the Grace landed Bugaboo watched the driver, which is to say the Negro foreman immediately in charge of the roustabouts.

Bugaboo always watched the driver of the Grace when he stood over the freight piles and directed the workers

Bugaboo began his swaggering journey up the gangplank. To make sure that the women would notice his double load, he burst into song

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off the Mississippi

By ROARK BRADFORD

to the various "tote loads" of cargo. He was bent with age, this driver, and they called him Old Folks. But he was fierce-looking and fierce-talking, and he carried a second-growth hickory staff with which he menaced the occasional lagging roustabout. And he "kept 'em turnin'."

"So doggone stiddy," Bugaboo sighed, and then he added, "but hit's grand when you ain't workin'."

HE HAD weighed the pleasures and displeasures of steamboating again and again. Riding up and down the river, making free talk with all the womenfolks, visiting strange places, being on and off that noisy, grandiose water churner, the free and easy life—all these delights he had lumped against the one damning displeasure of work. And he always came to the same conclusion: "So doggone stiddy! But hit's grand when you ain't workin'."

And there the thing balanced.

"Ef'n thar was jest some way I c'd trick along outer de work and go steamboatin' too!"

But there seemed to be no way Bugaboo could trick Old Folks.

He watched the cargo piles, destined for points up the river, melt away before the inroads of the steady stream of roustabouts who were carrying it aboard.

Pretty soon the bell would ring twice; the whistle would blow once, and the captain would start cussing. Then the wheel would turn, the engine would puff and snort, and the first thing anybody knew the Grace would be out in the channel, leaving old New Orleans for another trip up the river to Vicksburg.

The mental image of the noise and carrying-on aroused Bugaboo.

"Hod-do-mighty!" he exclaimed. "I'm a steamboatin' fool, and I don't keer who likes hit!" But immediately he knew he wasn't any such thing. "Jes' fishin' and totin' 'em down yonder to make a little money," he admitted to himself shamefully.

Then an idea popped into Bugaboo's mind—popped like a full-blown rose, ready to pluck.

"Dad blame my hide!" he exclaimed. "Hit's a trick I kin trick on 'em! I works and gits fawty and boa'd f'm de steamboat cap'm, and I rides up and down de river and carries on wid de womenfo'ks for nothin'!"

It was so simple that Bugaboo wondered why he had not thought of it before.

"I jest tricks 'em outer de ridin'," he said. "I makes out like I wants a job of workin' and don't say nothin' bout de ridin'—and den I rides and rides! I'm gonter ride dat fool Grace to she moans and groans!"

His decision reached, he pulled in his fishing lines and walked over to where Old Folks was directing the removal of the last few bundles of freight.

"Is you de he-coon around yar, mister?" he asked respectfully. He knew Old Folks was just that, but then it might be better to appear a total stranger.

"Well," replied Old Folks, "ef'n I ain't de he-coon, you kin tawk to me to de he-coon git yar. What you want?"

"I wants," Bugaboo said boldly, "to git a job steamboatin'."

OLD FOLKS regarded Bugaboo critically. "Whar you steamboated?" he demanded gruffly.

"I ain't never," Bugaboo replied uneasily. "I uster was on de street gang."

The driver buried his stiff, bony fingers into the soft flesh of Bugaboo's right arm. Beneath the layer of fat the old fingers found hard muscles. In a few more weeks the sugar crop would come on, and sugar sacks weighed two hundred pounds.

"You's mighty soft to tote freight, boy," Old Folks declared. "Hit takes a stout man to roust."

Bugaboo faltered. Maybe, after all, he'd better stick to his fishing. But just at that moment the runty little roustabout they called Plat Eye walked past with a case of soda pop on his head, singing:

Got a brown-skin gal at Natchez;
Got a black at Baton Rouge.
Maybe my brown she don't love me,
But my black sweet mamma do's!

"I'll git harded up in no time," Bugaboo declared.

Old Folks considered for a minute. "I been seein' you settin' out yonder fishin' wid a bell," he said. "So don't think you gonter come none er dat stuff on me. Does I ever ketch you rattin', I's gonter beat you ha'f to death wid dis stick."

"Yassuh," said Bugaboo.

"And," continued the old man, "I been workin' niggers on de river since Gawd knows when, and hit ain't never yit one of 'em could rat on me and me not find hit out."

"Yassuh," Bugaboo was losing enthusiasm, but the way the old man was talking there seemed nothing for him to do but agree.

"Well, git down yonder and tell de cap'm I say please suh write yo' name in de book, and git on boa'd, cause us is gittin' outer dis man's town purty soon."

A few minutes later, when the Grace cast off and all the noise started, Bugaboo was on the foredeck exuding self-importance and talking to himself:

"Hod-do-mighty. I'm a steamboatin' fool and I don't keer who likes hit," he kept saying. "I rides de Grace to she moans and groans!"

Bugaboo's muscles were soft, and Old Folks went easy on him for a week. The work was not nearly as hard as he had expected it would be, and the wholesome food at regular intervals, linked with the open-air sleeping on the main deck and the long rest periods between landings, agreed with him immensely. And on top of all that he was getting paid forty dollars a month for it—the riding and the passing of remarks with the womenfolks who swarmed the landings all came for nothing!

"De eatin' is all O. K., " Bugaboo explained to a newly acquired Baton Rouge woman friend, "but hit takes a mighty long time to git used to sleepin' on de flo' which dey calls de main deck. You jest got to sleep yar and yonder. Hit takes a hard steamboatin' man to bed down and sleep like dat."

"You looks hard," the woman confided. "I bet you kin sleep anywheres."

(*Continued on page 43*)

Illustrated by HARRY BURNE

"Looky yonder at de big boy," one of the women called out. "Got bofe arms full er bob wire, and a-singin' about his womenfo'ks"

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What's ahead for Crowns

By GRANTLAND RICE

Keystone

Tunney is 30, or thereabouts. Babe Ruth is 34. Hagen the same. These are years when heads that wear sporting crowns lie most uneasy

AS a general thing, in this rapid-fire age of competition, where so many star challengers are leaping for the thrones of Sportdom, only a few champions manage to survive a year with their crowns still resting upon high or low foreheads.

Through each of the several past seasons of give and take about two thirds of the crowns have been bumped off before the old years passed into the new. 1927 has been an exception—proving that 1926 developed a high-class set of title holders.

For example, there is the case of James J. (Gene) Tunney, the scientific marine. Tunney unhorsed Dempsey one rainy September night in 1926 after Dempsey had worn the heavyweight crown for seven years.

In 1927 there were any number who believed that Dempsey, at the age of 32, with another fight under his belt, could come back. More than 100,000 spectators paid out $2,500,000 odd at Chicago to see the slugger meet the boxer again. While Tunney's crown wobbled badly in the seventh round, and even skidded down over one ear, it was still on top of his head when the last round ended.

Tunney drew a big break when the referee and timer gave him 4 extra seconds after Dempsey had dropped him in the seventh. Because the argument is still a trifle steamy, I asked Tunney just what Referee Dave Barry said before the fight began.

"He told us both," Tunney replied, "that in case of a knockdown the one who put over the knockdown had to go to the farthest neutral corner, and that if he did not start for it the count would be stopped until he got there. He asked if I understood that ruling and he asked Dempsey if he understood it and we both said 'yes.'"

There's another million coming to Tunney in 1928.

Then 1927 can look back upon the case of the Hon. George Herman (Babe) Ruth. Three fourths of the season Ruth was trailing his team mate, Lou Gehrig, so the soothsayers began to shake their heads.

© Keystone

René Lacoste (top) should reign another five years. Below: Walter Hagen, star of stars

Then Ruth not only forged past Gehrig—he also crashed on past his old mark of 59 in a cannonading finish that sounded like a battery of howitzers.

When one considers that Ruth has been carrying his enormous body around on somewhat slender underpinning for fourteen years of major-league competition, his 1927 countercharge must be looked upon as one of the most astonishing records of all time.

Ruth will look back upon 1927 as the big year of his career. He may beat his 60 mark next season, but the odds are hardly in that direction.

The test of any champion isn't so much in gaining the crown, but in holding it against all challengers. A champion may have a lucky break one season and scramble safely through. But when he turns back all challengers for another season there is no longer much doubt about his place among the elect.

The period around 1919-1920 was great in that respect. It saw Dempsey, Tilden, Hornsby and Ruth win their crowns. Dempsey and Tilden ruled for seven years, and Hornsby led his league for six. All three slipped from their thrones a year ago, but the buoyant Babe is still rampant.

Hail to Three Kings

NINETEEN TWENTY-EIGHT will have two young champs left in Bobby Jones at golf and René Lacoste at tennis.

Bobby has a unique system. He manages to lose one crown each year and still finish with two intact.

In 1926 he won the United States open and the British open, losing the United States amateur to Von Elm.

Last summer he lost the United States open but won the British open and came on back to win the United States amateur. He may feel that no one head can wear three crowns comfortably, but he ends his second year in succession with a pair of them—which happens to be a record in golf.

Jones is now just 25 and the owner of seven national titles—three United States amateur crowns, two United States opens and two British opens. He has about twenty big years left in competitive golf. Just how many titles he will have at the age of 45 is something for a vivid imagination to work over. But it is an even bet he will crack all past records with several laps to spare.

Lacoste is another young amateur with many years of competition ahead. This Frenchman won the United States national singles championship at Forest Hills in 1926. He repeated in 1927, after leading the main onslaught for the Davis Cup.

If Lacoste gets a chance to play much tennis later on, he will be a big barrier for at least five years—perhaps longer.

He is younger than Jones. He has coolness, courage, skill and the rest—which includes endurance and generalship. Lacoste hasn't the pace and range of Tilden at his best, but he has a rock-like steadiness which is hard to beat.

So far Tunney, Ruth, Jones and Lacoste make a formidable list of reigning champions—but there is still another. His name is Walter Hagen.

In the professional open championship at match play Hagen went to the 38th hole of the final round against Sarazen in 1923. He had that hole at his mercy until Sarazen played a miracle shot from the rough dead to the cup.

But no one has beaten Hagen since, in these P. G. A. championships. He swept through the field in 1924, 1925 and 1926.

And One Reigning Queen

THIS made fifteen consecutive matches he had won against the best professionals in golf. Few believed he could extend his span much further. But at Dallas he came along to win once more, rounding out a total of twenty consecutive victories.

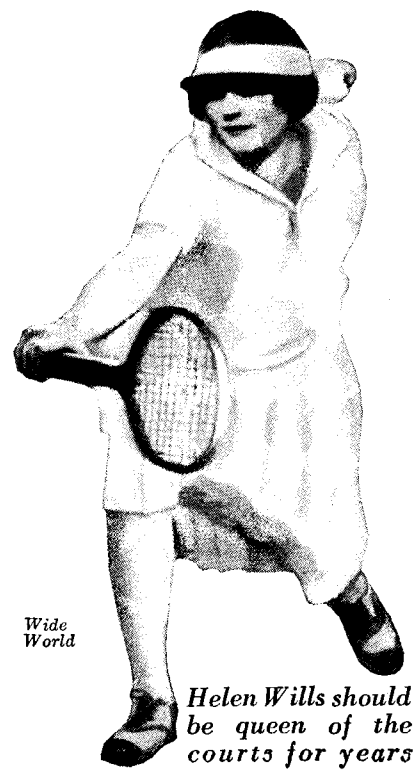
This must be written down as one of the most astonishing performances in the 500-year history of golf.

It would take an eagle-eyed statistician to dig up a mark from the dust of the past anywhere close to these figures. They stamp Hagen as the greatest match player star golf has ever known.

His bag not only includes golf skill, which many others have, but also a mixture of great determination, coolness and the ability to keep relaxed under heavy pressure. The tighter the battle gets, the less tight is Hagen's tension. That is one feature not possessed by one golfer in every half million.

Helen Wills remains the queen of the courts. She won the women's tennis crown in 1924 and 1925. She was unable to play in the title match of 1926, but returned in 1927 to take her place in front of the parade, where she ought to remain for some time to come.

Other female crowns didn't sit so well. Mrs. Stetson gave way in golf to Mrs. Miriam Burns Horn. In tennis Mrs. Mallory fell before she ever had a try against Miss Wills.



Wide World

Helen Wills should be queen of the courts for years

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If I hadn't Married You

A Short Short Story
By DON MARQUIS

Illustrated by R. V. CULTER

"Work out this idea then: Either you show signs of life or I walk out"

"HEAVEN knows," said Mrs. Peggy Blade, with a shimmer of heat lightning playing through the deep blue beauty of her eyes—"Heaven knows, Bertie Blade, that I've never asked for *much* in the way of *fashion!* But I *should* like to be able to sport a pair of galoshes that would keep the slush out when I slink down to the corner to buy seven cents' worth of carrots for the stew."

Peggy had been going on in that vein for forty unpleasant minutes, while Mr. Blade looked dreamily at the keyboard of the piano. Now he began to regard it sulkily. He roached back his bronze hair, struck an appropriate chord on the instrument, and remarked in a rich and angry baritone:

"Hell's bells, Peggy. Hell's bells!"

"Don't you swear at me, Bertie!" warned his young and comely wife. "I haven't eaten enough the last three months so that I can stand up under rough treatment."

"I *wasn't* swearing!" muttered Mr. Blade. But as he spoke he smote from the keyboard three brutal notes that growled and quivered with profanity.

"Heaven knows that I'm not a mercenary girl, Bertie, but I should like, just once again in my life, to spend two cents for a newspaper without feeling like a criminal profligate."

"Nobody could ever call me *stingy!*"

"No, you're not stingy. You don't earn anything to be stingy with!"

"You knew I wasn't a millionaire when you married me."

"Heaven knows—"

"If you don't quit saying 'Heaven knows,' you'll drive me mad!"

"Heaven knows," repeated Peggy, with deliberate distinctness, "that I wish I *could* inspire a frenzy that would make you rush out and rob a bank or steal a job from somebody. You're looking more and more like a quitter to me, Bertie. You can draw, you can sing, you can dance, you can write, you can compose music, you can make verses. But *do* you? I'll tell the world you don't!"

"You know I've been trying to work out some ideas."

"Work out this idea, then: either show signs of life or I'll walk out of here and just leave you lay!"

"Go on! Go on! Go on!" rang out Mr. Blade's deep lyric rage, while fierce chords from the stricken piano shook the studio from the cold fireplace to the barren kitchenette.

"Heaven knows," pursued Mrs. Blade, "that I'm *not* a jealous woman. But I wonder, sometimes. When you come back from an art-and-soul fight at that green-eyed artist vamp's den across the hall, full of gin cocktails and high and noble thoughts, I sometimes wonder just what the *real* attraction is. Heaven knows they don't seem to wear much. But at that they wear more than *I've* got to put on! Heaven knows—"

"Listen, Peggy! I beat it away from here sometimes because I've *got* to have some place where I can work and think without being nagged every damned minute! And if anybody has a right to get jealous, I'm the one. Tom Saxton's had you out to dinner a dozen times in the last three months."

"I get hungry," said Peggy, with cool incisiveness. And then she was immediately sorry. For her husband's face, which had been getting redder and redder, suddenly turned white.

THERE was silence for two long minutes, and then he said in a flat voice:

"All right, Peggy. We'll quit. I'm a failure. The whole thing's been a series of mistakes. It was a mistake when I coaxed you away from your job in the chorus. It was a mistake when I quit my job and tried to be my own boss. I've lost your love and your respect. But get me right about one thing—there's no other woman. I've been a quitter in other ways, maybe, though I haven't quite realized it. I've got a chance to do a sketch for Freebold's new revue, and I've been pounding my brain for six weeks for the idea. And it won't come. Maybe that's why I've been so rotten. There was a thousand dollars in it, if I'd made good. But I haven't. You're right to leave me."

There was silence again. Now she was angrier than before. She hadn't really wanted to leave him; only to sting him awake. But he had taken her at her word. And she would go.

"I might have had a speaking part this year if I hadn't married you," she said bitterly. "Freebold promised it to me. But now I'll have to start all over again in the chorus. This damned marriage has spoiled my chances."

His own anger flared up again. "Yes, and what about *my* chances? I might have written some good stuff if I'd kept free. I might have been a winner if I hadn't married you!"

As his opulent baritone vibrated through the room, Peggy leaped to her feet, with a strange light in her eyes. He took it for the light of battle. "Say that again!" she demanded.

He shouted at her: "I might have been a winner, if I hadn't married you!"

"Oh, Bertie, you've got it!" she cried. "Listen!" And, pushing him from the piano seat she banged on the keys, chanting: *"I might have been a winner, if I hadn't married you! Ooh—ooh—ooh! If I hadn't married you!* It's your sketch! For Freebold! Don't you see! Our row, with that song at the end . . . running into a make-up, and ending with a bang!"

"You're right!" he shouted. In five minutes they were beating out the chorus of a song that Broadway took to its fickle heart six weeks later:

Oh, I might have been a winner
If I hadn't married you!
But I'm thin and getting thinner,
And I went without my dinner
Till I fell and was a sinner,
Because I married you!
But I might have been a winner,
A winner, a winner,
But I might have been a winner
If I hadn't married you!

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It is believed that there are no more than one hundred pieces of genuine Duncan Phyfe furniture existing today. But it's not just their rarity that makes them valuable

By ROSE FELD

Duncan Phyfe furniture. The table alone might bring $5,000

Metropolitan Museum of Art

Why Antiques are worth it

Metropolitan Museum of Art

A Philadelphia parlor in 1770. Chippendale pieces

WHAT do you suppose that piece of furniture you bought the other day will fetch in the antique market—if there is one—when one of your impoverished descendants goes to peddle it two hundred years from now? Not very much. In fact, it's doubtful whether it will have been handed from generation to generation very far down the line. Even if the piece endures, taste and fashions in furniture will change.

Why, then—it's your turn to ask one—is the furniture of colonial days so much sought after today? Is it reverence for tradition, age, rarity and nothing else? Not at all. Purely by chance the colonists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were pioneering in America during the days that saw the beginning and the end of the Golden Age of Cabinetmakers in England, the era that produced Chippendale and Heppelwhite, the Adam brothers and Sheraton. Therein lies the value of antiques.

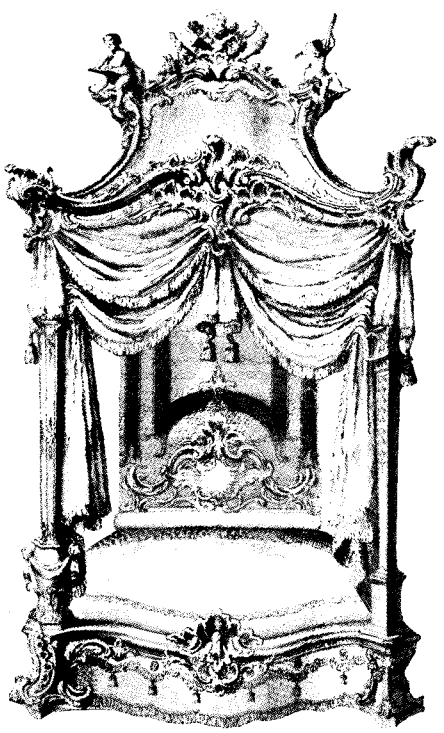
When the colonists came over from England and Holland in the seventeenth century they carried with them as much of their household goods as they could, furniture included. The colonists, it should be remembered, were not of one class nor of one belief. There were aristocratic noblemen; there were wealthy merchants; there were landowners; there were tradesmen, butchers, bakers, cabinetmakers; there were farmers, rich men, poor men, beggar men and, doubtless, thieves.

All of them brought with them many of the things to which they had been accustomed in their own country. The aristocratic landowner in Virginia had the fine furniture that master craftsmen were turning out in London, so did the wealthy merchant in Baltimore and New York; the man of lesser means in the cities was surrounded by the furniture compatible with his estate, while the pioneer farmers built the kind of homes and furnished them with the less sophisticated things that characterized their lives in England. It should be remembered that in furniture fashions as well as in dress fashions the farmer always was several steps behind the city and what he himself created was usually a simplification of city modes.

Imitators and Importers

AS TIME went on, all these people added to their possessions. The very rich, eager to duplicate the life they had left behind them, imported their furniture from England; the less well-to-do patronized the joiners and cabinetmakers in this country, who built out of native wood simplified copies of imported models; the more humble were satisfied with utility rather than style. The keynote of all, however, was the same, a hearkening back to the architecture and design of England and in lesser instances of Holland. And, whatever the degrees of sophistication or simplicity, one thing more they all had in common: The articles were made of excellent material and wrought by the hands of men who took pride in their craft. This was true in no less degree of joiners and cabinetmakers who worked with native woods in America than it was of craftsmen who worked in English shops.

Nor did the colonists of this period rely upon England alone for their inspiration in furniture making and decoration. American merchant ships reached out to all the four corners of the world and came back laden with silks and tapestries and articles of furniture made in every cultured port they touched. Spain, Portugal, India, China, all contributed the work of their master weavers, craftsmen and artists to beautifying the homes of prosperous colonists. When Chinese lacquer, for instance, became fashionable in London and Paris, American colonists of wealth, not satisfied with the work of native craftsmen who had learned this art,



A Chippendale bed costing about $500 is now worth probably $10,000

sent their tables and chests to China to be finished by expert hands.

The middle of the eighteenth century ushered in the greatest period of fine furniture both in Europe and in America.

Thomas Chippendale, whose period of greatest influence was between 1750 and 1770, learned his trade from his father, a cabinetmaker and wood carver of fine repute. Chippendale's genius lay not only in the mastery of his hand but also in the beauty of his design. It was the custom of master craftsmen in cabinetwork of this period to issue books of design of their furniture to patrons and to other cabinetmakers. In a manner this circulation of furniture fashion books can be compared to the circulation of styles by prominent present-day Parisian dressmakers.

Chippendale's first book of designs was "The Gentleman and Cabinet Makers' Director, being a large collection of the most elegant and useful designs of household furniture in the most fashionable taste."

Chippendale's furniture, as a rule, is divided into three periods, the Anglo-Dutch, the French and the Empire Gothic. The last was the most ornate of all, combining intricate carving, lacquering and inlay work. Whatever was made in England, it should always be borne in mind, was within a short time duplicated in the colonies.

Enter: the Classic Influence

CLOSE upon the heels of Chippendale came the Adam brothers, Robert and James, both architects, sons of a Scotch architect. The years of their leadership in the design of furniture were between 1764 and 1784. In completion of their education both of them had taken a trip to the newly discovered ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum and had become imbued with the classic influence in design.

When they returned to London the houses they designed gave expression to their feeling for straight lines and simple curves. The furniture of Chippendale and his followers, with its rococo carving and ornate decorations, they found unsuitable for their houses, so, although neither of them was a cabinetmaker, they began designing furniture on the same principles on which their houses had been built: chaste lines, straight legs instead of cabriole legs, low and narrow backs to chairs and sofas. What carving they did was in simple and low relief. Their favorite form of decoration, however, was painting, and for that work they employed the best-known artists of the day.

Just as Chippendale had done, they too published books of design which soon found their (*Continued on page 30*)

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Lily the Lion Tamer

By OWEN P. WHITE

A story of the real aristocrats of the canvas and the sawdust world and of how they fight for the things that count

LILY was born in the circus. Her father was a professional strong man, who bent iron bars over his biceps and tore decks of cards in half with his fingers. Her mother was a bareback rider.

Naturally there was only one answer for Lily. She became a professional herself. She couldn't help it. She grew up with sawdust and shavings in her hair; the smell of wild animals and the dust of the big top in her nostrils; the clatter of car wheels, the sound of stake hammers, the profanity of the canvasbacks, the blare of the parade bands and the plaudits of the populace in her ears; and before her eyes a constantly changing panorama of towns and cities and a continually shifting multitude of people.

However, Lily liked it. As a small part of a small, self-centered world, which is what a circus really is, she moved on through the larger world learning little of it except to know automatically that she, along with the rest of the show folks, belonged to a favored class whose fate in life it was to be stared at, admired and wildly applauded.

WEARING tights, and thereby displaying a figure that was beautiful the day she was born—the show people had all said so when they first looked at her, lying tiny and pink beside her mother in the berth of the sleeping car—and that had grown more beautiful as the years passed, of course meant nothing to Lily. She donned her first pair at the age of four when she was shunted around in a knockabout act; at seven she was an apprenticed tumbler, and at fourteen, tall and graceful, she climbed twice a day to the high trapezes in the big top, and there, over the nets and far above the heads of open-mouthed, trembling audiences, she was carelessly pitched back and forth by the great Ballarat Brothers.

Lily was never afraid of anything. She had never experienced the sensation of fear. Least of all, strange to say, was she afraid of the one thing around the circus which even old showmen, unless they are paid for it, never fool with—the "big cats."

From the time she had been old enough to toddle around and run away from her mother, Lily had liked the cats, especially the lions. All her life the lions had strongly attracted her; but until she was eighteen, and able to be responsible for herself, she couldn't, of course, go on with them in any kind of act. She was going to do it, though, in the end; it was her ambition. And so, when she was finally old enough, as she said, to speak her own piece and sign her own contracts, nobody was surprised when she opened the season, after a hard winter's training, advertised as "Lily the Lion Tamer," one of the show's biggest features.

She was good too. There was no mistake about that. She knew her cats, and they knew her. Their eyes, when they were angry, couldn't blaze any greener than hers, and neither, when they were contented, was their purr any more soothing and disarming than the soft tones of her voice. At times—and it was the variety of the thing that made it gaudy—Lily and her pets loved with a love that was more than love; and again, the girl and the man-eaters would hate with a hate that was cordial and deep and inspiring.

Illustrated by CHARLES SARKA

Lily was never afraid of anything. She had never experienced fear

If Lily's cats were mad, then so was Lily; and the act, on both sides, went through with a slashing of tails and a lashing of whips and to the accompaniment of a chorus of snarls and a volley of pistol shots that thrilled and terrified the audience. Or, if the lions were docile, then Lily was kind, and the spectators would sit soothed and amazed at the sight of a mere girl controlling her fierce charges with only a soft-spoken word or a graceful gesture.

AT EIGHTEEN Lily was a beautiful young woman. She is yet, except that both her arms are deeply marked with livid, red scars from elbows to wrists. It was her singular beauty that brought out the queer side of her character.

Lily hated men. They tormented the life out of her. Especially in the big towns—where the show stayed for a week or so, and where the men who live in brick and frame houses think that the women who live under canvas and in sleeping cars are loose and easy—the poor girl had a hard time. Keeping eleven lions from eating her up twice a day was easy compared to the other job she had of keeping eleven times eleven hungry males from devouring her every night.

Every man who saw Lily seemed to want her. In this enlightened period when all emotions are being analyzed the experts would probably say that it was sex appeal that attracted all men to Lily. But what was it that made Lily reject them all? Can the experts answer that? Lily could, and she did.

"Damn 'em," she'd say. "Damn 'em all. I hate 'em," she'd say. "They're rotten; they're liars; they won't do, and when you catch 'em at it—when you see the deceit in their eyes and the snarl on their lips—you can't sail into 'em like you can into the cats, with a blacksnake whip and a gun full of blanks, and crumple 'em up in a corner like a dirty dish rag. No, sir. No men in mine. I'll let my instinct be my guide. I choose the lions."

But of course that didn't last forever. Nobody's instinct is consistently infallible, and neither was Lily's. It fell down on her when she was twenty-one, at the beginning of her third season with the lions.

The show opened in New York, as usual, and before it closed there and moved over to Brooklyn anybody could see that Lily's ideas in regard to the baseness of the opposite sex were

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getting shot all to pieces. And so likewise were the aristocratic notions of a young and handsome scion of the F. F. V.'s who had joined the show for the thrill of the life and was traveling along as a cashier, or auditor, or something like that, in the business department. He wasn't a trouper, and that probably was what made him seem different to Lily. She hadn't ever known a man like him; he was a "born gentleman," one of the kind that brags about it, and in the end it made such an impression on Lily that she married him. But not in the lion cage. The young man wouldn't go in there, and neither would the preacher. But the lions, at any rate, got the full benefit of Lily's blushing promise to "love, honor and obey" her new husband.

The lions naturally would get it. Lily was a rather intense character. No woman, except one with an intense character, could ever become a lion tamer. So when she yielded to the domination of her Virginia nobleman, she compensated for it by coming down strong on her cats. It was hard on the poor lions, but it was fine for the show. All that Lily had to do was to lose out in a family argument, and then, for three days or so, she'd put her acts over with a vim and a snap and an amount of turmoil and uproar that made her more than ever the greatest feature in the show. She'd whip her man-eaters, as she couldn't whip her husband, into abject humility, and then when it was over she'd step out of her steel-barred arena feeling relieved and happy, smiling and full of love.

As she made her way into the big top she passed the men who were carrying Nat back

IT WAS all too good to last, though. Toward the end of the season, with winter quarters and four months of idleness only a short distance away, something—maybe her instinct got on the job again—began to worry Lily. Something was also disturbing her husband. They were both aristocrats, and they were both in doubt as to the future. In Lily's veins there flowed the unsullied blood of four or five generations of the sawdust people. She belonged exclusively and entirely to the canvas world, while behind her blue-blooded spouse there stretched an unbroken line of escutcheoned road agents and clippers of the coin, whose beginning, according to the family records, was lost in the veritable twilight of antiquity.

Under the circumstances it was easy to see what Lily's husband was worrying himself about. He had married beneath his station, and what would he do when winter came and it would be up to him to take his lion-taming wife home and present her to his fox-hunting friends and his overly sensitive mother and sisters? It was Lily's practical aristocracy which finally furnished the answer to the problem, and as the canvas walls which divide the dressing-room in a circus tent into private compartments are not strictly sound-proof, she didn't have to raise her voice to a high pitch for the other performers to get the full benefit of the outburst with which she dismissed her husband.

"I guess I ain't," said Lily. "I guess I ain't good enough to go down and meet your folks. And I'm glad of it. I don't want to be that good. Not me. I don't want to go down there and live in an old white-painted frame house that your great-grandfather built with his grandfather's money, and then have to sit around and look at hair-cloth furniture in the parlor and a whatnot full of gimcracks all day. No sir; not for me, Joe. I like my four-footed lions better. I like men that are regular men, women that are regular women, and I'd rather, a hundred times over, breathe in the smells that are coming out of the menagerie tent right now than get one whiff of your family atmosphere.

"And you, Joe! Why, you ain't a gentleman at all; you're just a bum sport, a plain quitter, you are. I was good enough for you while we were on the road, but I ain't going to be good enough for your family traditions. Is that it? Well, you ain't good enough for mine either. In my line of business we make men and we build women who can take men to pieces, and, by God, that's what I'm going to do to you. Go! Get out of here! From now on this show runs without you; you can resign by mail, and you'd better, because if sunup tomorrow finds you anywhere on this lot I'll tear you up and feed you to the cats. Get out!"

Joe "got." It was a very decided triumph for Lily's circus brand of aristocracy, and it was likewise a great relief to her troupe of trained lions. With no husband to obey, and being once again at liberty to give free and unrestrained expression to her opinion of the opposite sex, it was no longer necessary for her to take it out on her man-eaters. Therefore she didn't do it. Life for the beasts went back to the smooth and even tenor of Lily's prenuptial days, and thus, with only an occasionally snappy hour once in a while, it wagged along for a little more than a year.

Lily procured a divorce, or rather her husband did, by showing to the judge how utterly incompatible it was for a shining scion of the F. F. V.'s to be legally annexed to an aristocrat of a lion's den.

AND then something else happened: Lily's protective instinct once more deserted her, and she again fell in love. She thought so, at any rate. And suddenly, because Lily had hastily married a song-and-dance artist who had annexed himself to the show as a part of the "concert" troupe, her lions were again being put through their stunts at a highly accelerated pace.

The cats didn't like it—of course not—but before they got mad enough to retaliate by tearing Lily to pieces it came to an end.

There must have been something wrong with Lily's sex appeal. In the case of her first husband it hadn't been strong enough to make him resist the traditional demands of his moth-eaten family, and with her second it failed utterly when it came into direct competition with her bank account. In other words, Lily's vaudeville mate suddenly decamped with about four thousand dollars of his young wife's hard-earned cash, and thereafter Lily became almost profane whenever she spoke of the opposite sex.

BUT it wasn't because she was grieved at losing the money or her husband either. She didn't mind those things. What worried her was that she had made a fool of herself. "Twice," she said, "I've done that, and maybe I'm getting the habit. Ain't it awful? It hurts my pride, it does—I'll tell you it does—and I swear, damn 'em all, that I'll never look at another man as long as I live."

It was a good resolution—while it lasted. Lily got a divorce from number two, and for two years, with her man-eaters purring contentedly through every act, she lived up to it. She didn't look at a man, she didn't think of one, and then Nat Belden appeared.

Nat belonged to Lily's own aristocracy. He too had been born in the circus; in his veins, as in Lily's, there flowed the blood of generations of troupers, and on both sides of the Atlantic he was known as one of the best trapeze men in the business. He was actually more than that. He was a square shooter, a clean liver, a real man, and in no time at all he was in love with Lily.

It was too bad. Loving Lily, especially for a man like Nat, seemed such a hopeless thing to do. It was hopeless. Lily wouldn't look at him, would barely speak to him, and it was only after the girl had been on the receiving end of a circuit of silent worship for more than a year that her lions began to notice a change. They could tell from the way the whiplash whistled through the air and bit into their hides that there was a man on the mind of their mistress. There was, and when that man asked Lily to marry him she said:

"Don't do it, Nat. Don't ask me, because I won't marry you. I won't; I tell you I won't. I hate men. I hate 'em all. No, Nat; I don't. I don't hate you, but I won't marry you."

Lily didn't marry him. The months dragged on. Lily suffered, Nat suffered—and so did the lions. Time and again, when Nat would go to Lily and plead with her to be more careful, the girl would say: "Don't be foolish. Don't be foolish. You know I ain't afraid. That is, I mean, I ain't afraid of *lions*."

Then came the catastrophe. Nobody who was with that circus that day down in Missouri will ever forget it. It was at the night performance, and the big top was jammed to capacity. Nat with his flying-trapeze work, and Lily with her lions, were the two big acts of the show. When they came on everything in the other rings was stopped. And, for convenience—so that Lily's steel cage might be set up while the ring was empty—her act followed immediately after Nat's.

The bugles blew, Nat and his partner made their appearance, business all over the tent came to a standstill, and the ringmaster made his usual announcement. Hand over hand, then, and as easily as a graceful woman ascends a flight of stairs, the two men pulled themselves up to the high trapezes and the act was on.

High up in the big top, with his head brushing the canvas, Nat stood on his shaky little platform and listened.

"Are you ready?" called the ringmaster. Nat nodded.

"Go!"

There was the long roll of the drums, the intaking (*Continued on page 28*)

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Sailing at Dawn By ERNEST POOLE

She had found a job in a Broadway cabaret

IN NEW YORK I like to drop in now and then at the Grand Central Terminal, and sometimes I stay for an hour or more, for the place is rich with stories that picture the mighty swirl and flow of the tides and the eddies and torrents of life in America, in these modern times; and there is a weird fascination to me in the hum of those great marble halls—like that of some huge dynamo, high powered with the Wanderlust, the driving hopes and dreams and fears of people of so many kinds. From almost every part of the globe they come pouring into the caldron here, only to scatter out again to all corners of the earth. For it is a restless world, these days. I heard numberless stories. Here is one:

A LITTLE after eleven o'clock one evening in September, Gene Tunney returned to his big home town. He had won the championship that day, and several thousand admirers were flocking in to meet his train. After them poured the theatre crowds and late commuters going home. The whole station was soon packed and jammed, and in spite of the police reserves, when the big fighter came through the gate, with a thundering roar of cheers the mob pushed in from every side and swept after him on up the street. In a twinkling they were gone, the commuters dispersed to their various trains, and that clean, spacious marble hall was left nearly empty, nearly still—waiting for the next event in the unending human show.

It came quickly. Out of one of the passageways hurried a terrified little old man, with a huge valise upon his shoulder, wildly searching the floor with his eyes. Near the center of the hall he stopped and dropped his bag with a thud to the floor. He was stocky, with bent shoulders, dark, wrinkled face and a shock of white hair. Still with that look of panic fear, he stood there as though petrified. When I came up and spoke to him a torrent of Spanish was his reply. Then, in broken English, he tried desperately to give some inkling of his trouble, but I could not understand, so I took him to the desk of the Travelers' Aid Society, in an alcove of the hall—a kind of a side chapel in that uncanny church of unrest, a confessional where thousands of lost people have confessed—some their troubles and others their sins. And the agent's skillful questions there soon brought out of the little old man this brief, unfinished narrative:

Nearly twenty-five years ago he had come over from Spain with his wife and had settled in California. In time he had bought a small vineyard in the southern part of the state. And a little girl had been born; and some years later his wife had died; and then, about five years ago, his restless young daughter, Inez, had left home and drifted east to New York. She too had walked through this marble hall with a suit case in her hand. In it were her dancing slippers and the circular of a school which guaranteed to make a girl a cabaret dancer in six weeks. It had not been so easy as that, and there had been some desperate times, but in the end she had found a job in one of the Broadway cabarets. A wild, hard life—but what could he do, he asked with an eloquent gesture of his gnarled and stubby hands.

"She is American girl!" he cried. "An' American girl, she only laugh when ol' man say to her to come home!"

But she was a good girl, he declared. Twice she had sent to him for grapes, dried grapes with which to make the wine. She had vowed that she drank nothing stronger than that, and for the grapes she had sent him five times the money they were worth. She had sent him Christmas presents too, and every year a beautiful wreath of flowers made of silk and velvet, to be put on her mother's grave. She had written him letters from time to time, and at the end of each one she had said: "Oh, Father dear—just for this night I should love to be home!"

But she had never come back to the Coast, and he had grown old and lonely. So he had begged her, before he died, to go with him back to Spain, to his mountain home in the Pyrenees, and stay there just a little while. Weary at last of her wild, hard life, Inez had agreed to go—and her letter had made him so happy that he had called in a neighbor of his, and they had drunk good homemade wine and sung Spanish songs till late that night. He had sent her money for steamship tickets and had made ready to leave his small ranch in the hands of his neighbor until his return.

Then, just before the time of departure, another message from Inez had come—a mere little note on a scrap of paper, torn from a café menu card. It had given her new address in New York and the news that she was very sick—so sick that she lay and screamed with pain! A doctor had come and had told her she might have to go to a hospital and be cut open with a knife! She was terribly afraid of that knife and she begged him to come to her at once and to pray to all the Spanish saints not to let his daughter die!

And he had done so, on the train. For five long days and nights he had prayed, and between his prayers he had looked from the window of the car out on this big America. No sleep except for little snatches, haunted by his fear for her. In Chicago he had missed a train and had reached New York ten hours late. With the heavy old bag on his shoulder, he had come through the gate, bewildered, to be caught into that mob and swept with them up to the street.

And there he had discovered that his daughter's letter—that tiny scrap of paper which he had clutched in his hand—was gone! And on that tiny scrap of paper she had written her new address.

"Can't you remember it?" asked the agent.

"No! No—no!"

"Then give me her old address." But the little old Spaniard seemed only to writhe at that.

"No, no!" he groaned. "There were so many! That girl, she change her place to live so many times—so many times!" Back over his dark, wrinkled face swept that look of panic. For the strain of the long sleepless trip, the fear for his daughter, the suspense, and then the mob and the shock of his loss, had driven him almost crazy now. He wrung his hands and groaned again, "All is gone out of my head!"

"Oh, no, it isn't," the agent said, in her kind and quiet voice. She was used to sudden panics like this. "Nothing is gone out of your head," she (*Continued on page 37*)

Illustrated by JEFF TESTER

Still with that look of panic fear, he stood there as though petrified

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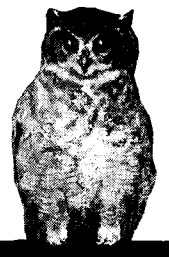
Creatures of the

Tillie Twinkletoes, who, as the phrase goes, "worksthetables" in your favorite night club, is another toiler who comes out as the sun goes in

Thelma White—Pictorial Press

Wide World

They were going to quit at midnight and now dawn is peeping over the transom. But the game will break up soon unless we're wrong in believing that Benny has five aces in that hand



Keystone View

At the left: In the cities the milkman takes the place of the rooster—"the one that uster wake you up at four a-y-em"—and, boy, what effects he achieves with a few props

Pictorial Press

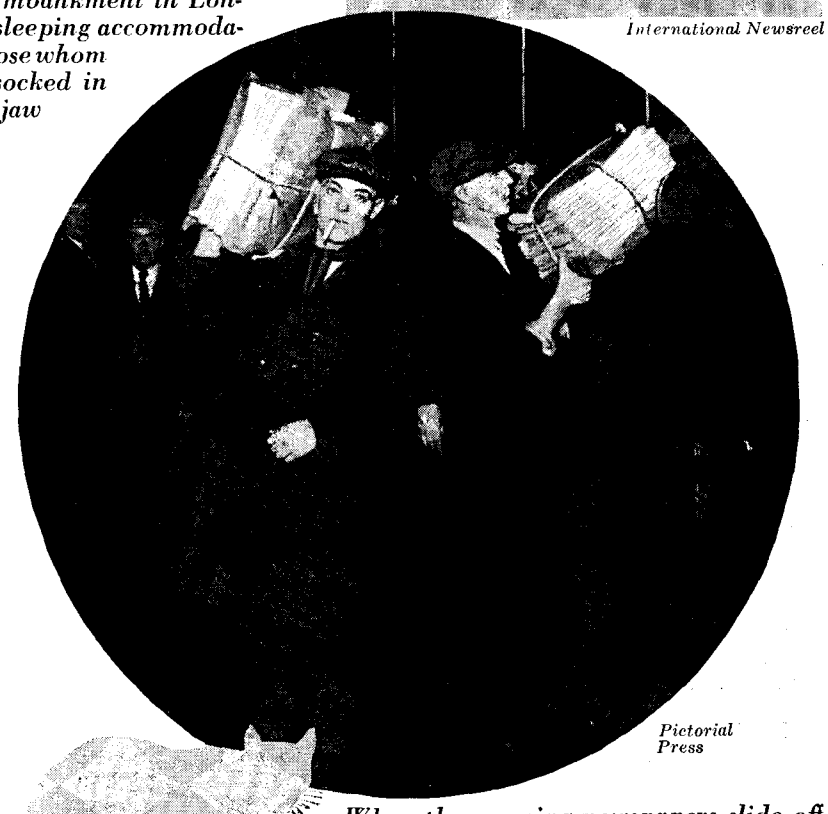
The hospitable benches of the Thames Embankment in London offer sleeping accommodations to those whom Life has socked in the jaw

Conrad Nagel M.-G.-M.

One of those gay lads who think that nine o'clock comes only once every twenty-four hours —and then in the evening

Below: The lights that twinkle in office buildings far into the nights illumine the labors of those who clear up the débris of business

International Newsreel



Pictorial Press

When the morning newspapers slide off the presses in the dark hours there's always a distributing crew on hand

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Night

Probably these sun-dodgers used to protest when their mommas ordered them to bed

At the right: Far into the early morning hours your newspaper copy readers labor with their murderous pencils —which by the way are never blue—lest some reporter get a swelled head and begin to think he's good

International Newsreel

Ewing Galloway

At the left: After the movies are out and the drug stores are closed only the glow of the night watchman's fire brightens the lonely street

Sometimes it's quite a race to get the make-up on properly before the call of "Overture" rings up the iron staircase

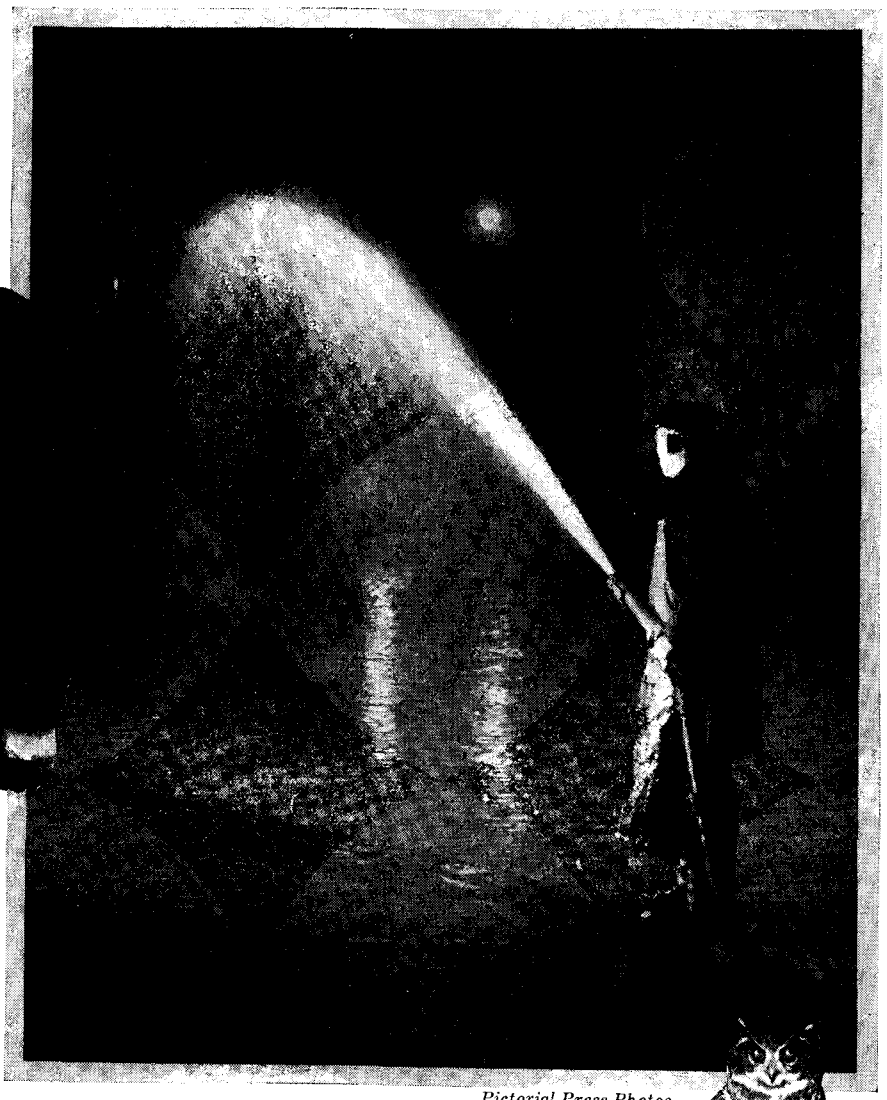
M.-G.-M.

Wide World

Twenty-four hours a day men pace our shore line keeping vigilant watch for ships in distress. And when the alarm is raised by the coast-guard patrolman the whole outfit turns out in oilskins

Ewing Galloway

At the left: It's reassuring to know that there are officers like this constantly wakeful during the hours when you're trying to catch up with your back sleep



Pictorial Press Photos

Well, somebody has to do the dirty work. And in the case of the street washers the hours are almost as unpleasant as the job. But then we couldn't go hosing all over the midday traffic

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With a Dash

Major Forester learns a bit

I saw Joan shiver for a single moment, but immediately afterward the fear had gone

I HAD very little warning of the impending cataclysm which was to disintegrate my orderly life. I had indeed barely done more than glance through my sister's letter, dated from San Remo two days previously, when the concierge of the hotel where I am in the habit of staying at Monte Carlo approached me respectfully. I fancied that there was a curious gleam in his eyes as he made his announcement:

"There is a young lady outside asking for you, Major Forester."

It seemed incredible that my niece should have arrived already, but I hastened out. I am glad to say that I have never looked with a censorious eye upon the extravagances of youth. The young woman, with her short skirts, her lipstick, her cigarettes and cocktails, may not have altogether met with my approval, but I have never been among the front rank of her detractors. At the same time it was a shock to me to find sitting there in the person of my sister's daughter one of the most advanced and, I must add, attractive types of the modern flapper which it would be possible to conceive. Her costume struck me as curious. She was wearing one of the fashionable type of pull-over hats and a leather coat, which, however, was of no great length and inadequately concealed her long, silk-clad legs and patent-leather shoes. She had just lit a cigarette and, seated a little sidewise, was superintending the unstrapping of a trunk from the rear of the car. At my approach she left the driving seat and stepped out on to the pavement to meet me.

"You dear thing!" she exclaimed, putting up her lips in most engaging fashion. "How sweet of you to have me!"

I MUST confess that I was taken aback. The greater part of my sister's letter was as yet unread.

"Is that your-er-trunk?" I inquired idiotically.

"Rather!" she answered. "It contains pretty well all I own in the world. They can take it up to my room any time. I shan't need to change for lunch."

"I must just speak to the manager," I said. "Come in with me, will you, Joan?"

She passed her arm affectionately through mine.

"I say, you got Mum's letter all right, didn't you?"

"To tell you the truth," I explained, "it arrived five minutes ago. I was just reading it."

"You don't know that I've come to live with you, and that I've been sent away from San Remo in disgrace, and all that sort of thing?" she exclaimed.

"I hadn't the faintest idea of anything of the sort," I assured her.

"If that isn't just like Mummie," Joan sighed. "Takes it into her head that I *must* be packed out of San Remo at a moment's notice, and lands me on the first harmless person she can think of. I suppose you are harmless, aren't you?"

I disengaged myself from her clasp. The manager of the hotel—an extremely quiet and respectable one, I might add—was on his way to greet us.

"I want a room for my niece," I announced in my most dignified fashion—"with bath."

The manager bowed, glanced at Joan, and bowed again. For a moment he looked away into an unfathomable distance.

"Certainly, Major Forester," he acquiesced. "On the same floor as your own, I imagine."

"Not necessarily," I answered. "Anywhere, so long as the room has a pleasant aspect and a bathroom."

"I should like to be on the same floor as Major Forester," Joan interposed, smiling at the manager. "I don't like to be miles away from everywhere. You will find me a nice room, won't you?"

She looked at the manager, and I knew very well that she would get what she wanted.

"Would you like to come upstairs and select for yourself?" he invited.

"I'll leave it to you," she decided. "Uncle," she went on, "don't you think a cocktail is indicated?"

I was on the point of summoning a passing waiter, but she checked me.

"Not here," she said. "There's a jolly good bar up on the hill there."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I've been here before. Come along and I'll drive you up. To tell you the truth, that's why I kept the car."

I stepped in by her side, and received an impression of being whirled through sunlit spaces, round a corner and up a hill, until finally we came to a standstill exactly opposite the Royalty Bar. Francis himself came hastening out to greet us. I should be expressing the situation mildly if I said that the general attitude of the little company of apéritif seekers, among whom were many of my acquaintances, was one of surprise, when we entered the place, Joan with her arm through mine. Francis led us to my favorite table, fortunately at that moment unoccupied.

"What sort of cocktail would you like, Joan," I inquired—"a Bronx?"

She shook her head. Francis, suave and ingratiating, stooped down to receive her order.

"A dry Martini—with a dash," she added confidentially. "And a packet of cigarettes—you know the kind."

The light of complete understanding passed between the two. I gave my own order.

"A dash of—what bitters?" I asked.

She patted my arm.

"Stupid man! Absinthe, of course. Haven't you tried it? . . . Here, Francis!"

The latter returned hurriedly. "Major Forester will try the same," she directed.

FRANCIS disappeared with a smile upon his lips. I leaned back and looked around, exchanging greetings with my friends. I was conscious of a general air of amusement tempered with a considerable amount of surprise. So far as I can remember, during the three years of my patronage of the place, the only ladies whom I had escorted there were the wife of my old friend Admiral Conyers, a lady of sixty years of age, and Lady Craston, whose pretentions to good looks disappeared with the marriage of her granddaughter.

"I like this place," my niece declared, spreading herself out and disclosing more than ever her silk-clad legs. "I think we are going to have a lovely time, Uncle, don't you?"

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about young love

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

"I am sure of it," I mumbled. "If you will excuse me, I will finish your mother's letter."

I drew the closely written sheets from my pocket, and perused them. I gathered that Joan's conduct in San Remo had been so atrocious that her mother considered an instant change advisable. At her wits' end to know where to send her, she suddenly remembered that I was staying in Monte Carlo. She prayed me to give shelter to Joan for a week or so, until she could come over and explain. The great thing was that Joan must be got out of San Remo within twenty-four hours. . . . I folded the letter and put it in my pocket.

"You appear to have been giving your mother a certain amount of trouble," I remarked.

She flicked the ash from her cigarette, and nodded tolerantly.

"I'm afraid they're rather a rapid crowd there," she admitted, "and you know how old-fashioned Mum is."

"I'm considered to be a little that way myself," I ventured.

"You won't be any longer when I've finished my visit," she assured me calmly. "You don't mind having me, do you? I'll be awfully good, really, so long as you always let me have my own way and don't grudge me the primary necessities of life."

"As, for instance?"

"Oh, cocktails and cigarettes, and dinner not before half past nine, and always lobster for lunch."

I VIEWED with some dismay this sudden disruption of my usual habits, but on the whole I was surprised to find myself so resigned. She looked at me with a twinkling light in her brown eyes.

"So that's all right!" she concluded, with a sigh of relief. "The next question is what I'm going to call you?"

"'Uncle Henry' would appear to me to be suitable," I suggested.

"Rotten!" she retorted. "I shan't tell a soul you're my uncle. You don't look old enough, for one thing; you're much too nice-looking, and it wouldn't be any fun at all. What's your other name? Oh, I remember. David! I shall call you David!"

He was paler and pudgier than ever, and he leaned heavily upon two sticks

"But, my dear child," I protested, "don't you realize that you are—let me see, how old?"

"Eighteen."

"And I am forty-four."

"Just the right age," she observed cheerfully. "You appear to me to have been leading too sedate a life, David. We must see to it.

"Now I'll drive you down to the Café de Paris, and I'll garage the car while you order luncheon. Lobster, for me, please, a baby lamb cutlet, and some peas. Nothing to drink, unless you'd like another cocktail."

"Certainly not," I declined hastily. "I very seldom take anything in the middle of the day."

"We'll see about a liqueur," she said as she led me to the car.

We lunched out of doors, as Joan had suggested, and she ate everything that was placed before her with hearty appetite, and, to my secret horror, commanded a *fine de maison* with her coffee.

"David, my dear," she said, patting my hand, "I am sure we are going to be very happy."

I SHOULD have withdrawn my hand at once, but, as a matter of fact, the touch of her slim, cool fingers was very pleasant, and I was anxious not to hurt her feelings. I saw another man whom I knew well look away with a smile.

"I'm afraid you will find it dull," I warned her. "My friends are rather an elderly crowd. I don't know any young people for you to dance or play round with."

"But you dance, David, don't you?"

"Er—a little."

"And you play tennis?"

"Yes, I play tennis."

"And golf?"

"And golf."

"Why, David dearest, I don't want to know another soul," she declared. "Besides," she added, with a little sigh, "they'll all be over from San Remo in a few hours' time."

"And who are 'they'?"

Joan ejected the cigarette stump from her holder, blew down it meditatively, selected another one, and fitted it in.

"Well, David dear," she admitted, "I'm afraid there are rather a lot of them. First of all, there's the man I made my dancing partner, who's really the cause of all this trouble."

"And who is he?" I inquired.

"He has a funny name," she replied thoughtfully. "Adrian Christianopolis."

"A Greek."

"Some people say that he is a Greek," she confided, lighting her cigarette, "some people call him an Armenian and others a Turk. Most of them—especially the men—insist upon it that he is an insufferable bounder."

"What do you think of him?" I asked.

She looked at me with the most innocent light in the world shining in her beautiful eyes.

"I don't know," she answered. "He dances divinely."

"H'm! I don't fancy that I shall like him much," I said. "Tell me about the others."

"Well, there is Philip Rothbury," she mused. "He wouldn't be so bad if he hadn't got the crazy idea that he was terribly in love with me. Do you know, David," she went on, "if there's anything in the world I dislike in a man it's sloppiness. You're not likely to fall in love with me, are you, David?"

"Not the least in the world," I assured her hastily. "Besides, I hope you won't forget that I am your mother's brother. And, while I am on the subject, I think it would be better if you called me 'Uncle David.'"

She shook her head.

"Not a chance!" she replied. "It would spoil it all too. I told them in San Remo I was coming over here to stay with a man. I said he was a little older than myself, but I had loved him all my life. I am so glad you look as you do, David. You just carry out the idea. You don't look a day older than thirty-eight, and there is something Mephistophelian about the curve of your mouth."

I opened my lips in indignant protest.

"Of course," I said, "I shall at once explain to any of your friends who may arrive the exact nature of the relationship."

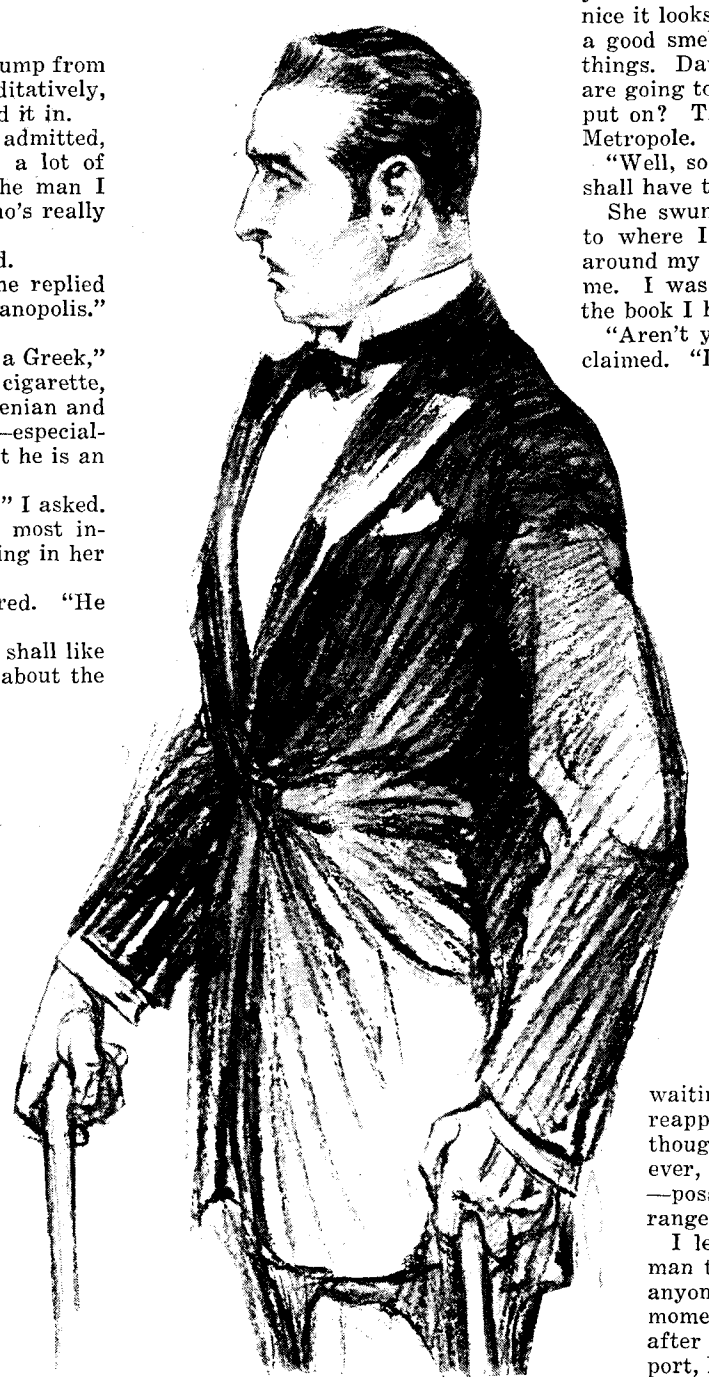
"You won't do anything of the sort," she asserted, "and if you do they won't believe you. Besides, what's it matter about your being my mother's brother? I don't believe there's anything in the prayer book shutting you out from my heart because you're my mother's brother. I think I might get very fond of you, David."

I changed my tactics. Protest I could see was only an incentive.

"I'm sure that I could easily adore you, Joan," I whispered.

She smiled ecstatically.

"It's experience that does it," she declared. "Now, none of the boys can get just that note into their tone, and when they try to look like that—well, they make me froth at the mouth. You can hold my hand if you like, David."



"This being a public place—" I began.

"Hold my hand, *please*," she insisted.

I touched her fingers for a moment under the tablecloth, and was instantly conscious of the half-reproachful, half-smiling regard of the chief steward, one of my friends.

"Joan," I said sternly, "you will be the death of my reputation."

"David dear," she rejoined, "if you really meant to have a good time, you ought to have lost it ages ago. . . ."

DURING the afternoon I was allowed a couple of hours' respite while Joan unpacked her clothes and wrote some letters. About four o'clock, however, she sailed into my room—only a door or two away from her own—in a green silk negligee, which I had a horrible suspicion was practically the only garment she was wearing.

"My dear Joan!" I ventured.

She sat on the edge of my bed.

"David dear, don't be silly!" she begged. "Of course I shall come into your room whenever I want to. How nice it looks—a real man's room. Such a good smell, too, of soap and shaving things. David, I want to know what we are going to do—what sort of clothes to put on? There's a *thé dansant* at the Metropole. What about it?"

"Well, sooner or later," I replied, "I shall have to prove my incapacity."

She swung herself off the bed, came to where I was sitting, put her arm around my neck and deliberately kissed me. I was so startled that I dropped the book I had been reading.

"Aren't you a dear, David!" she exclaimed. "I'll be ready in ten minutes."

At the Metropole—where, for some reason or other, we were given the best table—we danced for an hour and a quarter. I am really a very ordinary performer, but the child was so wonderful that it was easy to believe that she was telling the truth when she flattered me. At half past six she looked at her wrist watch.

"Time for our first cocktail," she announced.

"Here?" I inquired.

"No, pay your bill—just wait while I run back to the hotel—and we'll go and get my tickets for the club, and have them there."

"But, my dear Joan," I warned her gravely, "they won't let you in there. You're not old enough."

She smiled as she watched me pick up my change.

"Wait," she murmured.

We strolled back to the hotel, where she kept me waiting ten minutes. When she reappeared, somehow or other, although she was as attractive as ever, she seemed slightly different—possibly owing to an altered arrangement of the hair.

I led her to the desk, and the man there smiled back at her, as anyone in the world would. In a moment or two, to my surprise, after a brief glance at her passport, he was making out her card.

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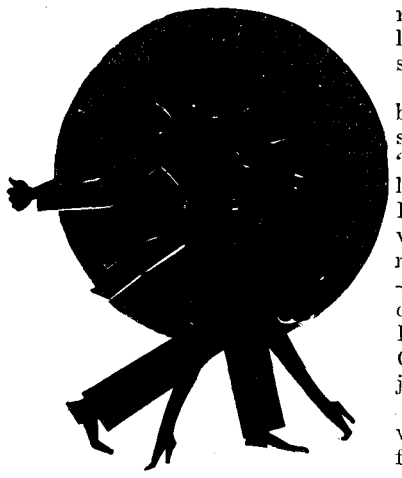
She signed it. I watched her count the change from a mille note—she had insisted upon paying for herself—and we once more set out toward the Sporting Club.

"But how on earth did that come about?" I gasped.

"Never mind," she replied.



The same performance was gone through at the Sporting Club. Afterward we made our way upstairs into the little bar, where Joan insisted upon sitting upon a high stool with her arm through mine. She superintended the making of the cocktails, and there seemed to exist between her and Arnould that perfect freemasonry common between people of a similar bent. Later on we wandered through the Rooms, made a few bets, and at half past seven found ourselves in easy-chairs in the bar again.

"I must know why those men issued you your tickets," I told her.

She looked absently across at the wall.

"David dear," she said, "I'm afraid, if you have a fault—and I haven't found one yet—that you are just a little what the old world used to call conscientious. Are you?"

"I hope so," I answered.

"Then I'd rather not explain, if you don't mind," she begged.

"Don't be silly," I rejoined. "I may be conscientious, but you're in without my aiding or abetting you."

"If I tell you," she pleaded, "you won't do unpleasant things?"

"I promise."

"You see, my sister Mary is twenty-one," Joan explained, "and she's the image of me—especially with my hair drawn down like this—so just when I'm in Monte Carlo I'm Mary. She doesn't want her passport. To tell you the honest truth, I've been Mary before."

Well, it wasn't my affair, or if it was I didn't feel in the least inclined to complain. On the other hand, it was rather pleasant to think that she might be my companion in this, my favorite lounging place.

"You're the dearest thing on earth, David," she whispered, boldly taking my hand in hers.

She beckoned to a footman.

"Take this gentleman's order," she directed. "I am standing cocktails. Now, David," she went on, "we've reached the very important question about what we're going to do tonight. I suggest a little dinner in a quiet place where I can really try you out. Then, after dinner, we dance a little, and after that we come back here and gamble for an hour. Supper at the Carlton, of course."

"But, my child," I protested, "do you know that I usually go to bed at twelve o'clock?"

"Terribly bad for you," she retorted. "You're lucky if you get to bed before three during the period of my disgrace. . . . Oh!"

I LOOKED up, and I realized at once what had happened. A young man was approaching us—a perfectly dressed, olive-skinned, rather fat-faced young man, good-looking except that his eyes were set a trifle too close together, with masses of sleek, black hair, and a walk notably un-English. He bore down upon us.

"This is a great pleasure, to have found you, Miss Joan," he said. "But what a desertion!"

Joan nodded at him in friendly fashion, but without overmuch enthusiasm.

"I had no idea that you were coming to Monte," she observed.

"I decided only at ten o'clock this morning, after I had strolled the promenade," was the suave reply. "Why did you leave all your friends so unexpectedly?"

"Because I was bored with them all," she answered bluntly. "I thought I should like a change of life. Besides I heard that a very dear friend of mine—Major Forester—was here, and I was dying to see him. David, this is Mr. Christianopolis—Major Forester."

I contented myself with a nod and a perfunctory invitation to sit down, which the young man promptly accepted.

"Miss Heveringham is—" I began.

"You mustn't let Mr. Christianopolis into my secret," she interrupted. "Mr. Christianopolis knows a good deal about you already, although not by name. I am so honest," she went on, with a little sigh, "I have always told him that there was someone I was very fond of coming soon to Monte Carlo."

THE perfect serenity of the young man's expression was beginning to disappear. The half-masked scowl on his face made me dislike him, if possible, more than ever.

"You are staying at what hotel?" he inquired.

"I am staying with David," Joan replied. "We are at the Hotel Maurice."

"But, my dear Joan," I exclaimed, a little shocked, "you ought to tell—"

"There's nothing we need tell," Joan interrupted, taking my case from my pocket, and lighting a cigarette.

"Miss Heveringham," the young man said desperately, "may I have a word with you alone?"

"If ever you're fortunate enough to find me alone," Joan assented. "As a matter of fact, I don't often let David out of my sight. There are too many beautiful women about in this place."

The young man was fuming. After all, although I disliked him, I thought the situation might possibly be relieved by my temporary absence. I rose to my feet.

"Your opportunity has arrived," I told him. "There is a friend in the baccarat room I want to see. I shall find you presently, Joan."

She made a little grimace at me.

"I shall wait here until you come back," she promised.

I wandered through the Rooms, greeting a few acquaintances, and was standing by one of the roulette tables when I felt a touch upon my shoulder. I looked round and was confronted by a tall, very good-looking, sunburnt young man, whose face was somehow familiar to me.

"It is Major Forester, isn't it?" he asked.

I admitted the fact.

"My name is Rothbury," he went on eagerly—"Philip Rothbury. You know my father, I think."

"Quite well," I told him, shaking hands—"and your uncle."

"By the bye," he inquired, with elaborate nonchalance, "is your niece Miss Heveringham staying with you?"

"At the present moment," I said, "she's in the bar, talking to a young man by the name of Christianopolis."

My companion's face darkened.

"That infernal bounder!" he muttered.

"I'm inclined to agree with you," I admitted. "Why don't you go and break up their tête-à-tête?"

He accepted the suggestion, and disappeared. I found a seat and played trente et quarante for half an hour. Afterward I strolled back to the bar. There was no sign of Philip Rothbury, but Christianopolis was still sitting talking to Joan. She welcomed me gayly, but I thought she looked a little tired. Christianopolis rose to his feet, and deliberately, in my presence, leaned down and whispered in her ear.

She answered him with her tone a little more raised than usual.

"Nothing in the world would induce me to dine with you tonight," she replied. "You should have better taste than to ask me when my dear friend David is here."

The young man's lips moved, and I am perfectly certain that his unspoken words consigned me to the nethermost regions.

"At the Carlton tonight, then," he suggested.

She turned toward me.

"I have told Mr. Christianopolis that if he happens to be at the Carlton tonight, I will dance with him twice," she said. "Do you mind, David?"

"Of course not," I answered.

He left us then, with a little bow. She looked after him, and there was something in her eyes which troubled me.

"I rather wish you had minded," she sighed.

I tried hard to get Joan to allow me to invite Philip Rothbury, to whom I had taken a great fancy, to dine with us that night. She refused, however, firmly.

"Our first dinner together, David dear," she protested—"I won't have it spoiled. I know exactly how Philip would try to make love to me. I haven't the faintest idea as to your methods."

"You shameless little hussy!" I rejoined. "I tell you, I am your uncle. I'm inclined to think you're a wicked and troublesome child, and I am as likely to want to make love to you as I am to your mother—my own sister."

She laughed in my face.

"We shall see," she murmured. . . .

I TOOK her, as she desired, to a restaurant of an intimate character, and, despite the fact that my niece made the most flagrant efforts to flirt with me, the evening was, I think, a success.

"Don't let's go back to the Rooms at all," Joan suggested, when eleven o'clock came. "Let's stay here and talk until it's time to go to the Carlton. Perhaps he won't come then."

"But don't you want him to come?"

"I don't."

"But you like dancing with him."

"I like dancing with him better than anything in the world," she admitted, with sudden emphasis. "Don't you see, David dear, that's just it? I wish I didn't."

"Why not?" I was constrained to ask.

"Because he's a brute," she answered simply.

That was all the mention that was made of Christianopolis, but on our way up to the Carlton she suddenly put her arm round my neck, and in the most brazen way kissed me.

"Joan!" I exclaimed. "My dear child!"

"Oh, shut up!" she insisted. "I want to kiss you, David. Don't you understand? It's a safety valve, and you are about the one man in the whole world I could kiss. Kiss me back again, please, and look as though you wanted to."

I did the best I could to invent and deliver an embrace suitable to the moment and the circumstance. Joan laughed at me but approved in modified fashion.

"With a little practice, David," she

(*Continued on page 32*)

Illustrated by T. D SKIDMORE

"Oh, you dear David!" she murmured. "If I hadn't found you! Oh, if I hadn't found you!"

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The Valley Girl

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

A sleepy valley is fraught with dangers and strife

Illustrated by HAROLD VONSCHMIDT

Fight after fight between the rival syndicates' gangs featured the whole roaring night of each pay day

The Story Thus Far:

GAVIN COLE, a young engineer, and Wilgus Bett, his employer, are working on a land-development project in the Reginskill Valley in New Jersey, against Jeff Christie, who claims to be working out a similar plan but Bett says that Christie is working in the interests of a big water company.

Gavin's own childhood home in the Catskills was demolished in the interests of water and he feels very strongly on the subject.

There promises to be bitter war between the two camps even though Gavin is in love with Jeff's sister, Faith. Faith and her collie, Heather, had at one time saved Gavin's life when an escaped convict was attacking him. But now Jeff has forbidden Gavin to see his sister.

TWO things of note had happened in the Reginskill during the 217 years since the last Iroquois war party drove the Lanape from its surrounding hills and scalped, by way of good measure, nineteen of the valley's Dutch settlers.

The first of those happenings was when a battalion of Cornwallis' Hessians raided the valley from end to end, driving off cattle and looting silver spoons and featherbeds and burning farm ricks.

Then for nearly a century and a half the region slept cozily and fatly, with no livelier incident than the coming of the motor car and, latterly, the far-above droning flight of an airship.

Now, when the twentieth century was in full swing and in its third decade, the valley woke with wildly blinking eyes from its slumbers, to find its land values mysteriously soaring and a legion of mad rumors rushing from end to end of it.

First young Jeff Christie had gone about among his neighbors offering fancy sums for options on tracts of boggy or stony meadow land and useless hillsides. Before the natives could grasp what he was about, another option buyer appeared, in the artist chap who had been camping for his health up on the side of Reginsberg.

Gavin Cole was offering and actually paying more for his options than was Christie. Also he had those options all nicely printed on regular forms, just like land deeds, and he was handing out actual cash for signatures.

Farmers who had been talked into giving options to Christie were sorry they had done so, because Cole was paying more. Then the Cole optioneers regretted they had been coaxed into signing on the dotted line of the printed forms, because Christie advanced his own prices.

COLE met the advance, and the contest went on merrily.

Farmers began to wax coy and to coquette with one and then the other of the bidders. Then Cole created a diversion. Hottest raged the fight around the land which would be covered by the Bett Syndicate mile-wide and two-mile-long lake.

At Bett's bidding Cole ceased to dabble with options for this key spot. He bought outright, paying prices which dazzled the rustic sellers. Christie followed suit. He spent much money in purchasing what land he could behind the proposed dam. But Gavin was ahead of him for the most part.

Then came a squad of engineers and surveyors and the like, working under Gavin's command. Followed a horde of day laborers who swarmed and toiled and sweated and drank and fought and shoveled and blasted in a frantic effort to establish a core wall for the dam at the valley's bottle neck.

A flood of unprecedented wealth gushed into the valley. So did an unprecedented population. Regin and Woolet and lesser hamlets were choked by newcomers. Speak-easies sprang up overnight. Women swarmed in from nowhere like buzzards to a carcass.

And now Jeff Christie had a swarm of workers, following his own syndicate's invasion of engineers and surveyors. Fight after fight—single combats, multiple brawls—between the rival syndicates' gangs featured the whole roaring night of every pay day. Toughs seeped into the valley, drawn like the cheap women by the presence of many laborers and much loose-flung coin.

Hitherto the Reginskill country had been as safe ground as any on earth. Now, natives forbade their womenfolk to stir abroad alone after dark or to loiter unnecessarily on their shopping tours.

Men of the region took to carrying weapons when they must be on the roads or in the boom townlets by night.

The valley's entire police force, comprising nine men in all, resigned in a body—this after they had been summoned by hurry call to Regin on a pay-day evening to squelch a brawl of two rival section gangs and had been beaten up themselves instead.

But presently appeared a platoon of armed and grimy businesslike men in khaki—detailed by Bett from a private police agency—who restored and maintained outward order.

MEANWHILE, every day and all day, work went on. In shifts the laborers were kept toiling at top speed from gray dawn until strings of glaring electric lights must illumine their sweating labors.

Speed—*speed*—SPEED! Speed was the watchword of the gang foremen, of the blaspheming division superintendents, of the engineer forces, of Gavin Cole. Cole passed on the word for speed, and scourgingly he enforced it on those who in turn enforced it all the way down the line.

Banner wages were paid, but banner work was demanded. Did a digger lay aside his pick to light his pipe, did a concrete mixer cross from his own machine to another to borrow a chew of tobacco, did a man scamp his task under crafty cover of energy—swift was the nearest foreman's eye and as swift was the same foreman's raucous dictum:

"Get your time and clear out!"

Even as Gavin drove his men, so Wilgus Bett drove him. Cole was in charge of the whole local field of operations now and was held responsible for everything done or undone. Nor was he allowed for an hour to forget his stark responsibility.

He was proud and not a little perplexed at his promotion from mere scout to commanding field officer. Yet he recognized therein his life chance, and he threw himself into the job with all his steel-spring vigor.

Bett was back and forth nowadays from New (*Continued on page 26*)

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The World's

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The approved typical Racing Tire combines within itself the outstanding essentials of the technically perfect tire for every motor purpose—super-strength *without* unyielding stiffness—ultra-flexibility *without* unresistant softness. The structural wear-and-tear on the tire mounts used in a racing event of a few hundred miles is equal to many months of normal tire service on the road.

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The Racing Tire must be strong enough to withstand violent road shocks, at top speeds, under the high inflation pressures required to reduce tire distortion to the irreducible minimum. The Racing Tire *must* be *super-Strong!*

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Every DICKINSON TIRE is a Racing Tire

The DICKINSON CORD TIRE embodies in perfect balance the structural characteristics of the Racing Tire. This is why the DICKINSON CORD TIRE lasts longer and reduces per mile operating costs—lessens power losses and reduces fuel bills—operates under lower inflation pressures and insures not only easier riding, but indefinitely extended tire life and car service.

Every DICKINSON TIRE is a Racing Tire

No OTHER TIRE on the market today so perfectly combines the technically ideal Strength and Staunchness, Flexibility and Resilience of the Racing Tire. Technical skill and mechanical ingenuity have united to make the DICKINSON the World's Perfect Tire—for Strength—for Speed—for Service.

If your regular tire dealer cannot give you the desired information about DICKINSON CORD TIRES *write to us. We are constantly establishing new connections throughout every part of the United States and may thus be able to refer you direct to a franchised Dickinson dealer in your city.*

The Hydro-United Tire Corporation
J. G. FEIST, *President*
POTTSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

DICKINSON

Costs No More to Buy

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Perfect Tire for Speed and resilience

Evolution plus Revolution!

While designed upon knowledge and consideration of the complete data of motor tire evolution—its triumphs as well as its defeats—the DICKINSON CORD TIRE embodies scientific engineering principles and automatic machine processes that constitute a motor tire revolution!

Every DICKINSON TIRE is a Racing Tire

The Cord Cables of the DICKINSON CORD TIRE are laid automatically by the only tire building machine in the world that discards the human element in its *essential* operations and relies upon the unvarying perfection of automatic mechanism.

Every cord of the building fabric is laid to exactly equal length, under uniform machine tension, in a line that stretches as truly straight from bead to bead as a taut string from tail-piece to tuning peg.

Every DICKINSON TIRE is a Racing Tire

Every cord is laid in precise mathematical alignment with the tensile stress imposed upon it, so that each cord bears its apportioned load absolutely "on its own." There are no shorter cords to break down first and throw their burden as an additional load upon the remaining members of the cord lay.

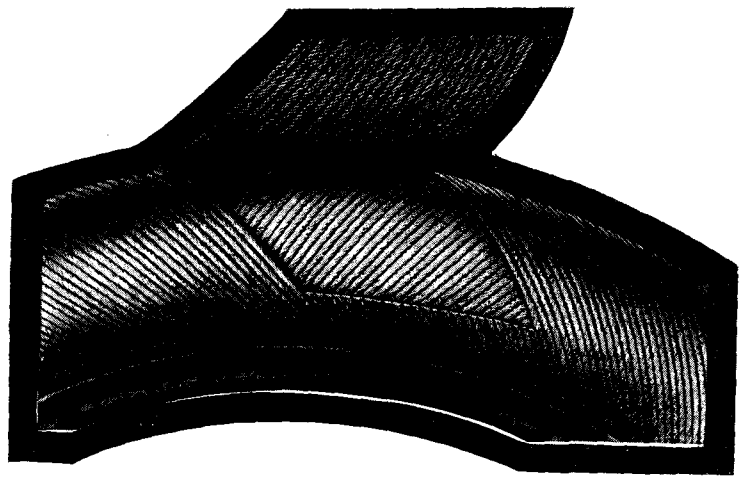
The crimp and cramp due to "filler" threads, necessary in the processing common to present-day standard tire building practise, and the frictional deteriorations due to the action of these "filler" threads, are eliminated.

Every DICKINSON TIRE is a Racing Tire

Every cord of the DICKINSON CORD TIRE lies in what is virtually an individual rubber conduit, perfectly insulated from contact with any other cord, so that internal friction is eliminated, both cotton fabric and rubber compound are preserved from excessive heating, and the life of the tire prolonged to approximately twice that of any other tire made by any other process.

Every DICKINSON TIRE is a Racing Tire

Strength and Staunchness—Flexibility and Resilience—the highly specialized characteristics of the high-duty Racing Tire, are now commercially available tire qualities because—



The STRIP and The LAYBACK

The rubber-cored, rubber-impregnated and rubber-insulated cord cables composing the lay are formed *automatically* by compression, not by distortion, into the full-bellied and narrow-end Strip shown below.

This strip is laid *automatically*, with no single cord touching any other cord, in the mathematically precise alignment shown in the Lay above.

Cords and rubber are vulcanized into a homogeneous mass—every cord insulated in its own individual rubber groove and stretched straight from bead to bead.

No other automobile tire offers such outstanding Better Service and Longer Life at No More Cost—or even Less—than other high-grade tires.

Every DICKINSON TIRE is a Racing Tire

Insured for One Year against Everything that can happen to a Motor Tire except Loss by Theft or Damage Due to Willful Abuse

DICKINSON

Costs Less to Use

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York almost every day, suave, cool, unruffled amid the seemingly methodless bedlam of turmoil; his quiet eye everywhere at once; his directions calm and ever to the point. Nothing escaped his notice. Nothing was too great or to small to center his attention.

Cole admired the giant tremendously. It was a privilege to work under such a leader. And Bett was well pleased with his subordinate. More than once he tossed Gavin a sentence of real approbation or praise for the tireless work he was doing and for the results he was getting.

No word had Gavin had from either of the Christies since the day, months agone, when he had been forbidden their home. A week later he had received a bulky envelope addressed in a woman's hand. It contained his blue-initialed silk handkerchief, washed and ironed.

Illogically, the man was hurt to the quick by the messageless missive. But already the pressure of overwork was beginning. There was no time for the luxury of personal grievances. Yet, to his annoyed astonishment, he found he was unable to put the girl from his mind. She had a way of appearing unbidden before his mental vision at inconvenient times, obtruding her personality between him and the task he was moiling over. He would interrupt himself in the futile occupation of reënacting their scenes together on that day when she and Heather had intervened to save him from the convict's rush.

IN SLIGHT measure he sought to repay his debt to the collie. One Sunday morning Heather came strolling down Regin's only street on a sedate Sabbath walk. Three or four loafing laborers began to throw stones at him. Another resting worker essayed to catch the dog with a rope.

From the steps of the Eagle Hotel Cole shouted angrily to the men. Then he whistled to the bewildered collie. Gladly Heather trotted up to his well-liked friend. Turning to one of his aides, Cole said:

"Have word handed around the gangs that the first man who bothers this dog in any way is to be fired. Make it strong. It goes."

He went up to his room in the hotel where he was now living, chirping to Heather to follow him. The collie pattered willingly up the narrow flight after the man he liked. On Cole's bedroom table lay the remains of his combined Sunday breakfast and dinner, the central feature of the meal being a steak's T-bone whereto a quarter pound of meat still clung.

Gavin handed the luscious bone to the dog. Heather accepted it with grave appreciation and lay down on a rug to gnaw it in epicurean leisure. Cole sat at his desk and whote:

Dear Miss Christie:

Heather is only a clean and high-minded dog so he doesn't know that the valley is no longer a safe roaming place for respectable citizens like himself. I have just had the good luck to rescue him from hazing and theft. Also I have just given word he is to be let alone.

But you would be wiser to make certain of his safety by keeping him at home when you or Christie is not with him. I think I can rely on throwing the fear of discharge into my own men, but I can't be responsible for the dog-stealing yearnings of the roustabouts in any of your brother's gangs. So you'd better keep him close till this pandemonium ends, if it ever does, and until the valley is civilized once more.

By the way, thanks for sending back my handkerchief. I'm sorry to have put you to so much bother about it. I am still sorrier—a million times sorrier—that our friendship has all gone to smash. But that's one of the incurable things, I suppose, that it's no use to be sorry for. I wish it meant less to me.

He signed and addressed the note. Then, stooping, he tied it conspicuously to Heather's collar.

The collie looked up from his happy occupation of bone gnawing and thumped his plumed tail on the floor.

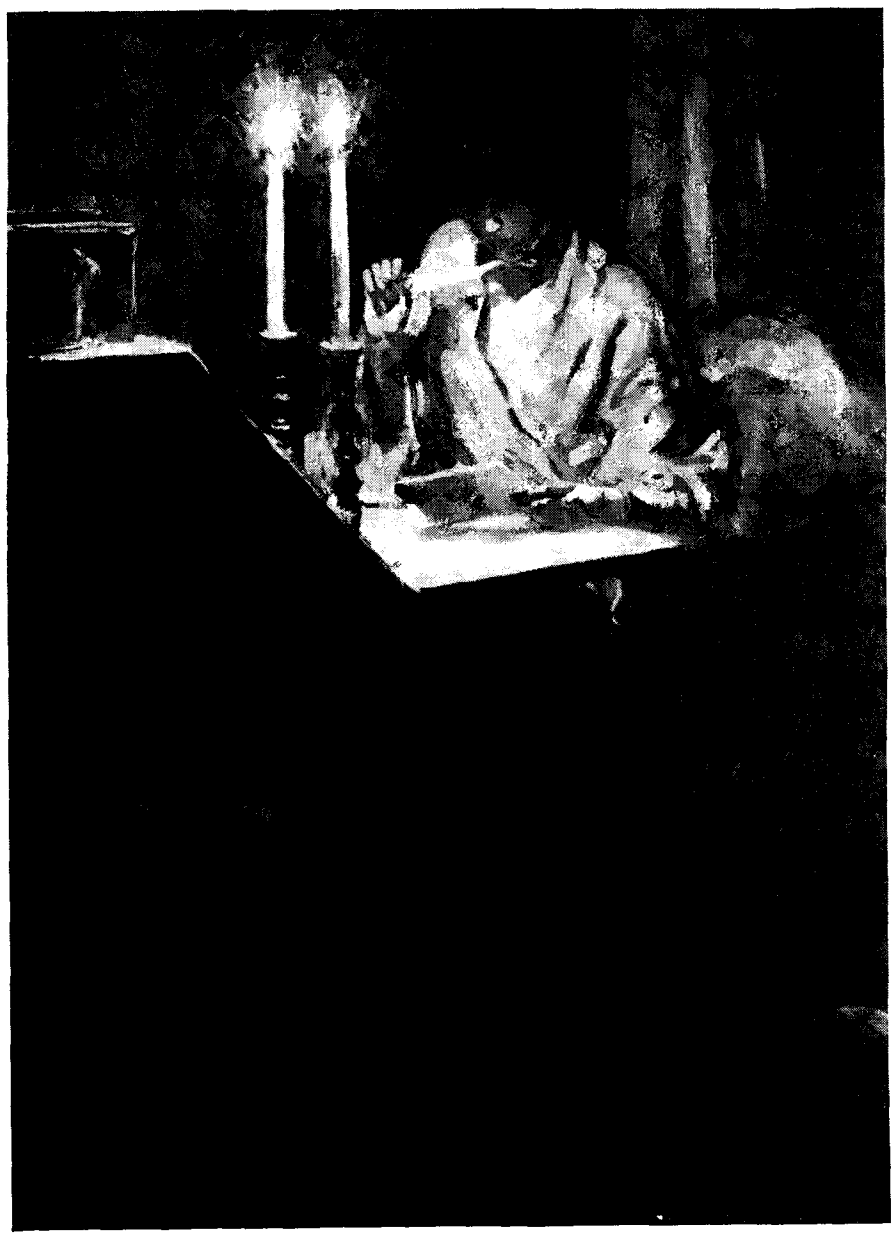
"Come on, old chap," said Gavin.

Out of the hotel and up the crowded street and into the still lovely open country walked Gavin, the collie frisking gayly alongside. When they had cleared the town and the groups of Sunday idlers and had come in sight of the square white Christie house's cupola, Cole halted.

Pointing to the distant house and touching with his other hand the letter that dangled from Heather's neck, he said, sharply:

"Home, Heather! *Home.* Find Mistress! *Home!*"

Twice in earlier days Faith had shown off her collie chum's accomplishments to Gavin by sending the dog thus



The next morning's mail brought him a two-line note

with a note to her brother or to one of the Christie servants. Heather understood. At the first iteration of the known words, "home" and "Mistress," he was off on his errand, proud as always to impress anyone with his own trick lore.

Gavin waited until he saw the dog swing into the grounds, between the thick old box trees at the gateway. Then, moodily, he turned back to his cheerless quarters at Regin.

The next morning's mail brought him a two-line note that read:

Thank you for sending Heather back to me. I am sorry to have troubled you.

That was all. With a snort, Gavin crumpled it and tossed it in his field-office wastebasket. Then, on his hands and knees and swearing at his own idiocy, he dumped out the fat basket's rag-bag contents and retrieved the wrinkled sheet of note paper, thrusting it guiltily into an inner pocket of his working coat.

THE speed and the worry of the early summer were occasioned by a really clever move devised by Christie or by his engineers.

The Reginskill meandered strongly through the valley, gaining size and momentum as it neared the bottle neck between ridge and mountain, where Bett's core wall and cofferdam were in progress. A mile above—and just to one side of the proposed limits of the Bett lake—was a line of dike-shaped ridges, perhaps the remnant of a prehistoric wall: perhaps a glacial relic. It cut the valley in a rough crescent from the Reginskill to the northerly hills.

The river flowed along the south side of this dike, paralleling it for perhaps a hundred yards. To northward was a natural depression, from three to eight feet below the river's level and extending north for a half mile until it met the steep hill wall which enclosed one side of the valley.

Here, because Christie had been ahead of him, was a stretch of low and marshy ground on which Cole had not been able to gain an option. Part of it belonged to the Christies themselves, part of it to relatives who had been glad to sell it to Jeff rather than to a stranger.

Gavin had cared little. According to his specifications, the Bett lake would not reach the top of the dike, on the latter's southerly side. There was no reason in spending a fortune on a tract of swampy land on the north which would cost thousands of dollars to drain.

He had acquired all the territory needed for the flooding of his mile-by-two-mile lake. The swamp was nonessential for the present at any rate.

But Christie or his engineers thought otherwise. Soon this became sickeningly apparent.

Someone in the Christie camp made the simple discovery that if you pour water into a cup you have a tiny lake. Also that the roughly semicircular dike, some twenty feet in average height, formed three sides of a cup perhaps half a mile in diameter, the northerly ridge being the cup's fourth side.

Thus, at hand and nature-made, was a half-mile-wide receptacle from five to twenty-odd feet deep, waiting to be turned into a lake. Nothing was left to make it a lake except to supply water to fill it.

Then came the equally simple solving of the filling problem. The Reginskill River, where it skirted the dike, was some feet above the level of the marsh. By cutting through a section of dike at its lowest part and at the river's deepest, the bulk of the stream could be sent sluicing down into the waiting marsh; thousands of gallons a minute.

The plan was complete when it was discovered that the flowage could be made perfect by damming a far end of the marsh, where the swamp extended narrowly beyond the end of the dike and on the hither side of the precipitous hill slope. Here was a site as ideal, in a smaller way, for a dam as was Bett's bottle-neck site, a mile away.

The overflow of the Christie lake could empty thus into the Raaten Creek, which flowed down from the hills to a gully below the point where dike and hillside so nearly met.

The whole thing was a proposition in engineering that even a novice could have conceived and almost carried out.

THROUGH one of the usual "leaks" Bett learned of the proposed Christie move. Instantly he saw what it must mean. Luridly he explained the predicament to Gavin Cole.

"What's to become of our lake," he demanded, "when they send the Reginskill swishing down into that damned marsh of theirs? Hey? Tell me that. They'll deflect the course, maybe, of the whole measly river. It's a cinch they'll deflect enough of it to leave us only a trickle. And how are we going to fill up two miles by a mile of spongy ground, forty or fifty feet deep in places, with just a trickle? Why, even when the whole Reginskill is in flood, it'll take it long enough to fill our lake. Part of that ground will absorb water quicker than your roustabouts lap up the speakeasies' rotgut booze. It'll take tons of water to the cubic yard to saturate it deep enough to make it stop absorbing. Well, when the Reginskill is sapped to a thread by that cut in the dike, how are *we* going to fill? We'd have to tear up all our literature about the limpid lake and ask the dear public to buy choice lots on Bett's Slough!"

"What are you going to do?" asked Gavin, dizzy at the hideous new complication.

"Oh, my lawyers are working the sad old injunction game, of course," answered Bett. "They're plastering him to the eyes with injunctions restraining him from cutting through the dike and letting the Reginskill into his marsh. Then, of course, we're sending an army of earnest experts down to Trenton, with check books, statute citations and all (*Continued on page 34*)

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From Fists to Faust

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

LAWRENCE TIBBETT is a Horatio Alger hero plucked from real American life. The master of rags-to-riches fiction would have loved this poor sailor boy who used his fists to win his voice a chance and climbed from lowly fo'c'sle planks to the mighty boards of the Metropolitan Opera House.

TWO men who had taken money from a state bank without the formality of pass books were barricaded in a livery stable in Bakersfield, California. The sheriff ordered them to come out and be arrested like gentlemen. He was answered by bullets. Drawing his pistol, he headed three deputies with a battering ram, forced open the livery door, and—fell in a fusillade of shots.

They buried Sheriff Tibbet with high honors, and a congressman came from Sacramento to inject a national flavor into the obsequies. The bank robbers were duly tried, convicted and hanged. But Mrs. Tibbet was left a widow with a son to support.

His name was and is Lawrence, and he is generally recognized today as America's best home-grown baritone. He spells his name with two t's because a Metropolitan Opera House printer made an error in the program for his début in New York. As Tibbett met the eye better than Tibbet, Lawrence stuck to it.

He does not appear today, in his thirty-first year, to be a young man who has come up through hardship, and even poverty, to take his place in the top ten of American opera. Survivors have a way with them that jests at scars. But he has worked as a waiter, as a clerk. Dish washing and carpet sweeping are familiar to him.

His is the extraordinary distinction of having forged to the front without knowing, until early manhood, that he had anything with which to forge. He is probably the only grand-opera singer who never enjoyed the glory of being a prodigy.

His success was sudden. He sang Ford in Falstaff one night and spent the next week reviewing press clippings of acclaim. Back of the triumph was a story of struggle relieved by large patches of good luck, which may have befallen him because of his good looks.

He's a Japanese Discovery

LAWRENCE TIBBETT'S appearance contradicts the popular formula for baritones, domestic or imported. He is not portly or florid. He is an athletically built young man, with square shoulders and a pleasant, lively face, manly enough with its cleft chin and clear, brown eyes to withstand the dandifying technique of wig makers and greasepaint compounders. His rippling laugh proclaims genuineness of character. Seeing and hearing him puts no strain on eyes or ears.

"My boyhood years," he told me, "are a blur of memories—trying to help eke out the family livelihood and get the elements of an education at the same time. I sang in a Methodist church choir, as did most of the youngsters of my acquaintance, but nobody prophesied a future in music for me. I wanted to become a doctor, and took a premedical course. When the war came it seemed to provide an opportunity for me to help my mother and my country at the same time, so I joined the navy."

After preliminary training at San Pedro, the "baby of American Grand Opera" was assigned to service as an able-bodied seaman in Russian and Japanese waters on a U. S. destroyer.

"A voice wasn't much of an asset in the navy," he declares. "In fact, the lads who got anywhere were those who knew how to use their fists. I sang around my work, as sometimes sailors will, and this got me my first chance to appear in public. A lanky gob protested against my singing. There was a row, and we were matched to fight in a boxing show held to while away the tedium of a Saturday afternoon.

"I won the fight, principally, I think, because the gob was so lanky it took him longer than the referee could count to roll himself to his feet after a lucky punch had knocked him down.

"After that I was able to sing on the ship without being disturbed.

"The only voice I could claim at the time was a fair poolroom tenor, but it got me a place on entertainment programs for the sailors—programs a little higher socially than slugging exhibitions.

"Once, in Nagasaki, I lost my way in a mesh of tiny streets and waterways. I walked for hours until I could find somebody who knew a word or two of English. This was a young man who seemed to me to be a tailor, squatting outside a little store on a little street that looked just like the picture postcard idea of Japan.

"Quite solemnly he heard me inquire the way to my ship, and quite solemnly he told me that it would take hours to reach it and that I'd need a guide; also that he would be unable to guide me until late in the evening and that there was nobody else in that part of the city to whom he would care to entrust me.

"With that he invited me in. He seated me on a cushion on the floor of his charming living-room, then proffered me sake, which I drank, and he joined me. After a while music came from a room adjoining. Following him, I was introduced to his sister, who was playing on a piano made in America. Inspired by their friendliness, and by the sake, I offered to sing an American song—if she had any.

She produced several and made me sing them all. I learned that she was attached to an opera troupe in Yokohama during the playing season. And she was good enough to tell me that she thought I was a singer from some American opera company.

"That quaint little Japanese woman then first put the opera bee in my bonnet. But her brother did something of more immediate practical value.

"My ship's next port of call was Vladivostok in Siberia, and here my Japanese friend had a brother in the Japanese expeditionary force. He gave me his name and a brief note to him in case I should need it. I did.

"We had been in Vladivostok about a week when our boys grew restive.

"Regulations (*Continued on page 38*)

Lawrence Tibbett as Eadgar in Deems Taylor's The King's Henchman

Wide World

Our best-looking baritone made Faust in three days and front-page publicity as Ford in Falstaff a few weeks afterward

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Lily the Lion Tamer

Continued from page 16

gasp of the audience, and Nat was in the air. What he was to do was to turn two double back somersaults after he left his own trapeze, make a half turn and catch the hands of his partner swinging head down from the opposite trapeze. A miscalculation of a bare fraction of a second meant a fall. And Nat fell! The tips of his fingers barely grazed those of his partner; his body shot out into space and down toward the net. But he missed the net! The impetus of his swing carried him beyond it, and he crashed with a fearful, sickening, terrible crash into a pile of trestles and hurdles.

But a circus *must* go on!

Nat's act was over, over forever perhaps, and the bugles blew again and the ringmaster, quieting the audience by his own apparent calmness, directed attention to the steel arena in which Lily the Lion Tamer would now appear with her troupe of eleven fierce man-eaters.

Lily appeared. In the dressing tent she had heard the cry—more like a moan it was—that had come from the vast audience. As she made her way into the big top she passed the men who were carrying Nat back to the "hospital."

BUT a circus *must* go on. Already the band was playing for her entrance. She heard it; she got one glimpse of Nat's white, lifeless face and, like a true aristocrat of the canvas world, like a woman true to the traditions of her ancestors, she walked out into the arena. She went through with her act. It was the most impressive performance she ever gave. There was not a crack from her whip, nor a shot from her pistol. She was calmly terrific. That was all. Her big cats sensed it, they saw it in her eyes, they followed her gestures without a snarl or a growl, and when it was over Lily flew, literally flew, to Nat.

"Is—is he alive?" whispered Lily.

"Yes, barely," replied one of the doctors.

"Thank God!" It was a prayer, from Lily's heart. Nat heard it, or felt it. He opened his eyes and smiled. And Lily, kneeling beside his cot, murmured: "Oh, boy, boy, I've come to marry you. I've come, I've come, boy! Will you have me now?"

But Nat had fainted again.

When he regained consciousness he was in a room in the city hospital. The air was heavy with the odor of anæsthetics and drugs. Lily, dressed just as she had come to her act in the arena, was stroking his hand.

Nat took it all in and whispered, faintly: "Do you mean it, Lily? Do you mean you'll marry me?"

"Yes, boy! Yes! Right now, this minute."

The doctor interfered. He led Lily out into the hall and said gently: "I don't think that man will ever get well. He may, though. He has one chance in a thousand, but, as both thigh bones are broken and the pelvis badly fractured, it is certain that he will never walk again."

"He will get well," responded Lily fiercely. "He will get well. He will. I'll make him, and I don't care if he never takes another step. I'll carry him in my arms for the rest of his life."

They were married that night.

The circus moved on. Three weeks passed, and when Lily rejoined the show at Denver she brought word that Nat was better; that he was going to live, but that, as the doctor had told her, he would never walk again.

But Lily was courageous, and, in a way, she was very, very happy—happier than she had ever been in her life. Something new had come to her. She felt like a mother now; Nat was her child, and out of it her lions got a new thrill. There was no longer anything temperamental about Lily. She was a fearless woman with Nat to love and to work for, and for his sake everything *had* to be done her way. It was. Except for a purely conventional snarl, or a meaningless growl once in a while, her act went off automatically. And faithfully, every week, she turned most of her pay check back to the cashier with instructions to credit it to Nat.

Then came an opportunity for Lily to make more money. The "untamable lion" in one of the side shows went on the rampage and badly mauled the man who had been putting him through his fake rage stunt four times a day. The man himself turned yellow, and quit, and Lily, provided she could time her frequent appearances in the side show so as not to interfere with her act in the big top, was offered the job. It meant a hundred a week more for Nat, and Lily jumped at the opportunity.

There wasn't much to the act. The "untamable" was well trained. His imitation of a jungle rage was magnificent, his snarls and growls were threatening and terrible. The illusion too was rendered more perfect by the men with red-hot iron bars who stood outside of the cage ready to save the intrepid trainer who went within and whipped the lion into submission.

FOR two weeks, four times a day, Lily whipped this untamable lion and then, on a Saturday night, the very thing that had happened to her predecessor befell Lily. As she entered the cage she tripped over the low iron threshold and stumbled to her knees. With a roar the lion was upon her. It was all over in an instant. Lily fought back desperately. She seized the heavy mane under the throat with her teeth and hung on. That saved her face and head from the massive jaws. But the claws were busy. They tore her forearms into ribbons. And then, as the red-hot irons, shoved through the bars from the outside, burned into his hide, the furious beast retreated to a corner of the cage.

Lily got to her feet. They were already fumbling at the door to open it and take her out. "Shut it," said Lily, "and take away those irons."

In a daze the men did as they were told, and Lily, with blood streaming from her arms and a deep gash in her thigh went after the lion. She whipped him! Unmercifully, coolly, and with a calculated determination that was fiercer than any rage she punished the man-eater. It was terrible—terrible because behind each biting, cutting blow of the whiplash there lay, not anger, but the fearless resolution of a woman who had to conquer. She did. Lily conquered. In the end the snarls ceased, the big cat, cowed and beaten, lay limp in the corner of the cage, and when Lily, opening the door for herself, stepped outside she very promptly, and running true to the form of her sex, fainted and fell into the arms of the circus attendants.

When she came to she said: "Don't let anybody wire Nat about this, or write him either. I ain't hurt a bit. Just a scratch or two and I'll be right on the job Monday, same as ever."

Nobody told Nat about it. Of course not. And neither did anybody believe that Lily would work again for weeks. However, she fooled them all by keeping her word. She never missed a performance.

On Monday, with her arms bandaged, and eight or ten stitches in the gash in her thigh, Lily went through with her five or six side-show performances and her two regular ones in the big show.

The last day of the season, with its final performance, rolled around. Lily and her big cats came into the arena. From the look in her eyes, the sound of her voice and at the crack of her whip, the lions knew that something unusual was going to happen. They were not disappointed. Lily tore into her man-eaters with a frenzy that set them off at once in a terrific uproar.

In an instant the steel arena became one mass of seething, leaping, roaring, snarling yellow beasts. They seemed back in the jungle. They fought one another; the great cage rocked from the impact of their mighty bodies against its barred walls, and in the center of it all, wielding a vicious whip with one hand and with the other discharging a fusillade of pistol shots, stood a girl, with bandaged arms, who wore a gold-braided coat and high-top, shiny boots!

Never before in all of her career as a lion tamer had Lily ever done anything like this. Never before had she deliberately worked her beasts into such a frenzy of rage. It was foolhardy—fatal. From all directions the circus attendants came on the run. The audience, screaming and sobbing with excitement and fear, rose as one man on the seats—and then, almost as quickly as the turmoil had started, it was all stilled.

High above the roaring of her lions and the noise from the benches Lily's voice rose strong and confident. She called her lions by name; wielded her whip softly now so that each stroke carried with it a caress and not a sting; and obediently, although still quivering with excitement, each one of the great cats clambered to his accustomed position for the final tableau.

Quite fearlessly Lily cast her whip into a corner, and going around to her lions, one by one, she very gravely grasped each by a huge paw, gave him a "shake" and then kissed him between the eyes.

THAT was the end of it. Lily the Lion Tamer no longer existed. Her discarded whip lay in the corner where she had thrown it.

Fifteen minutes later a certain young woman in whose eyes there glistened unmistakable tears appeared before the boss.

Her voice was husky. "I'm quitting," she said. "I'm quitting for good."

"Lord, Lily, you don't mean it! You ain't quitting the show business forever, are you? Ain't you coming back to sign up for next season?"

"Never! I'm never going into the cages again. I'm—I'm afraid."

The boss laughed. "What, you afraid! And after that fool thing you pulled just now? That fellow whose job you took in the side show got yellow and quit, but I didn't think you'd ever turn."

Lily's eyes blazed. "Yellow!" she almost shouted. "Who said I was yellow? I'm quitting, sure I am, because I'm afraid, but I ain't yellow, and you know I ain't."

"I don't get you, Lily. Honest, I don't," said the boss. "Because if you're afraid of the cats, then why ain't you yellow?"

"Can't you understand anything? I ain't afraid of the cats. I ain't afraid of anything the cats can ever do to me. I can whip the best lion, or a dozen of 'em, that ever wore hair, and I ain't yellow and you know it. But I tell you when I think about Nat, and that he's mine to take care of, and that all his life long I've got him to carry around in my arms like a baby, and that something, some time, might happen so that I couldn't do it, why, then I'm afraid. I'm afraid for Nat; I ain't afraid for myself and I ain't yellow. Pay me off. I'm going!"

And that's why, in a great Eastern city, a certain prosperous tea room, known as "The Lion's Den," is now presided over by a beautiful woman who always wears long-sleeved dresses and who constantly guards her speech so that its grammatical variations will not offend the delicate ears of her high-born customers. They think the place is named after their own breed of "lions," but it isn't. It's named after the big cats, and is successfully run by one of the real aristocrats of the canvas and sawdust world.

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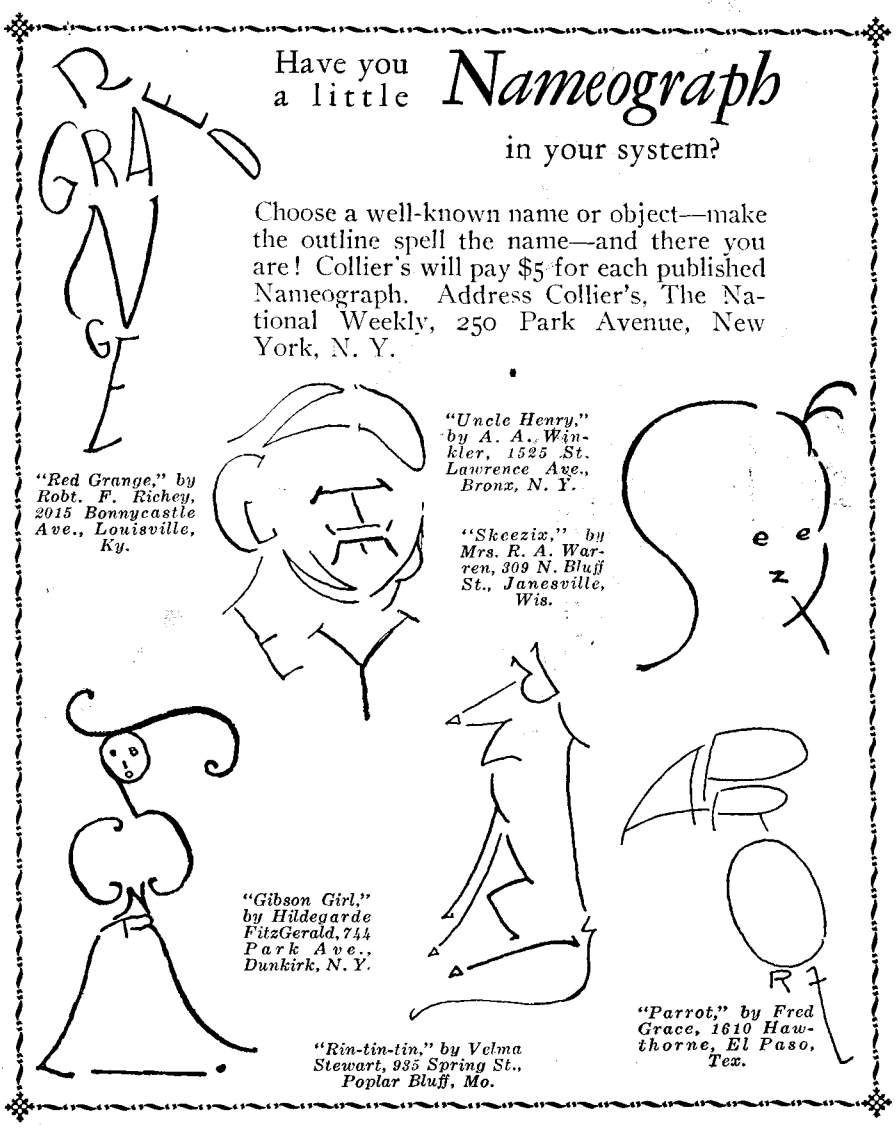

"Red Grange," by Robt. F. Richey, 2015 Bonnycastle Ave., Louisville, Ky.

"Uncle Henry," by A. A. Winkler, 1525 St. Lawrence Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

"Skeezix," by Mrs. R. A. Warren, 309 N. Bluff St., Janesville, Wis.

"Gibson Girl," by Hildegarde FitzGerald, 744 Park Ave., Dunkirk, N. Y.

"Rin-tin-tin," by Velma Stewart, 935 Spring St., Poplar Bluff, Mo.

"Parrot," by Fred Grace, 1610 Hawthorne, El Paso, Tex.

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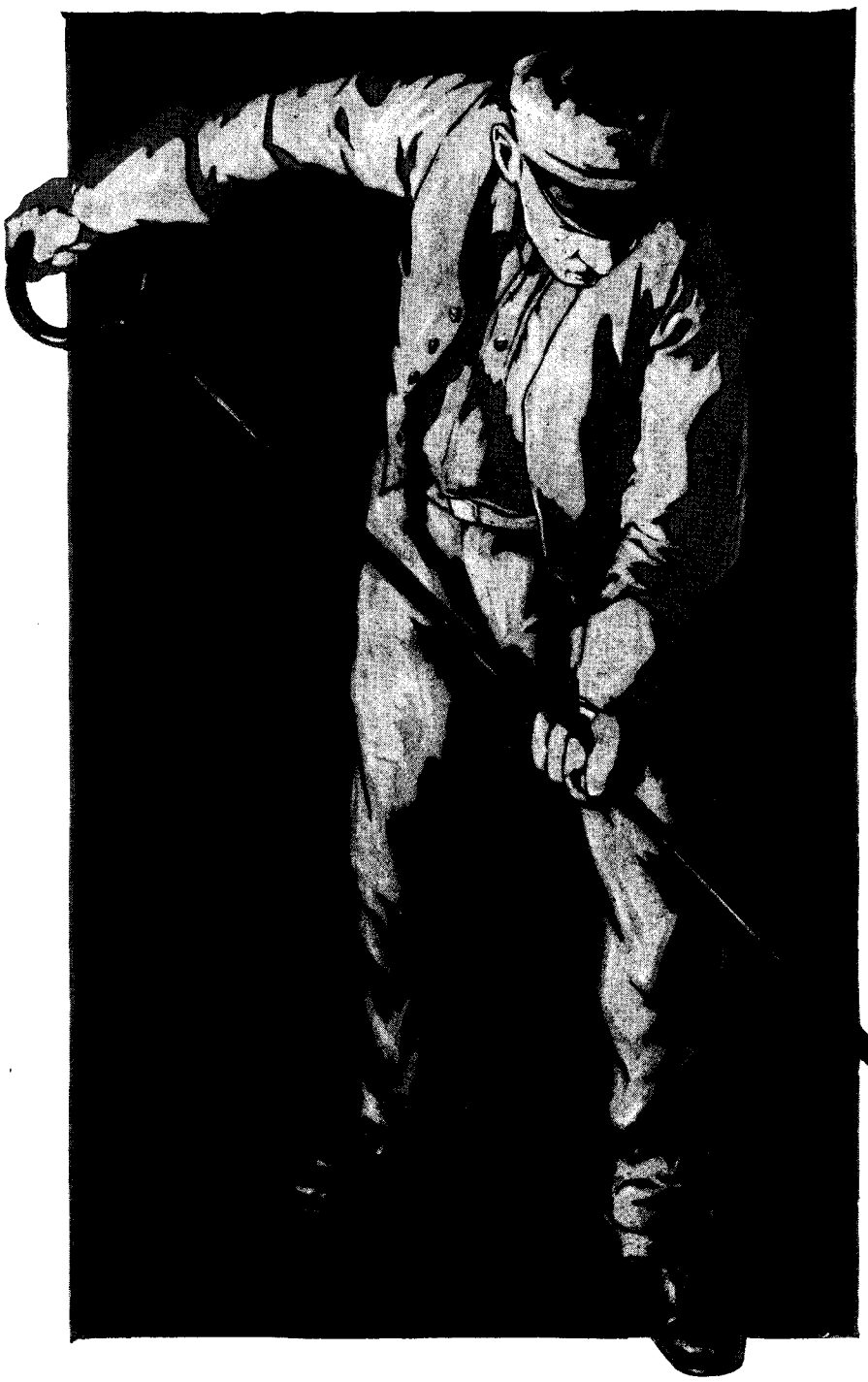

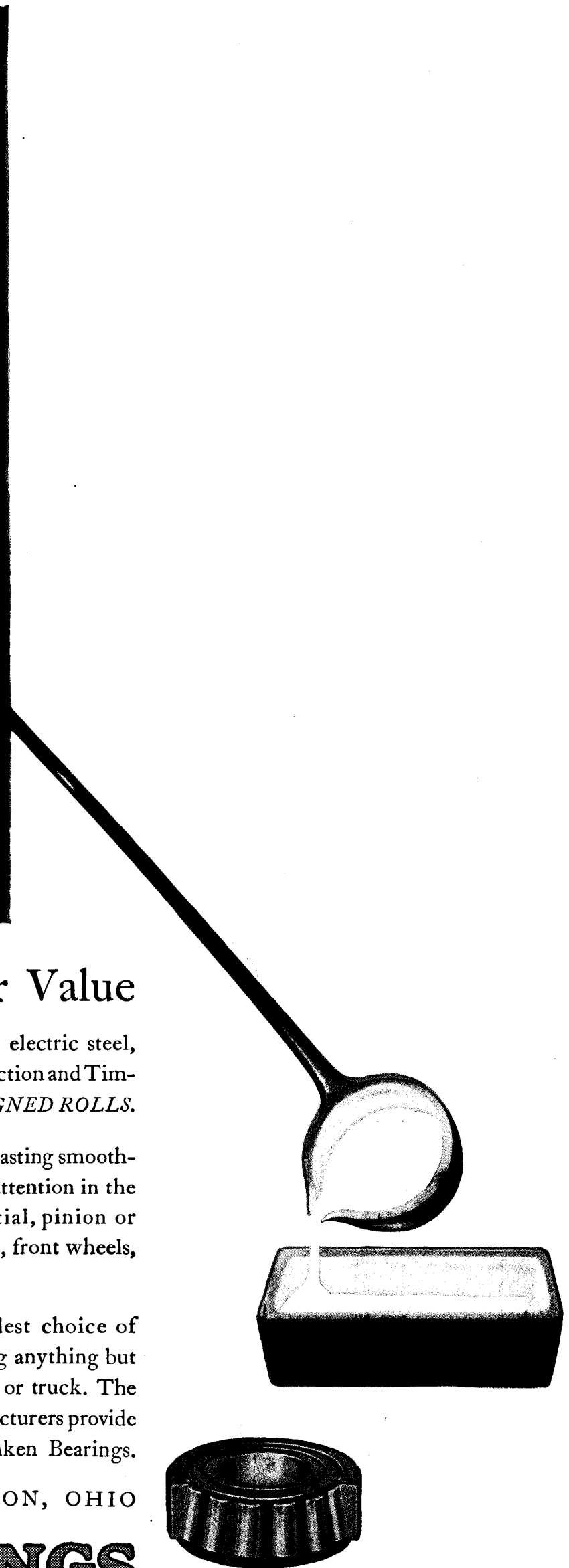

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Why Antiques Are Worth It

Continued from page 14

way to America and the Adam influence and fashion became popular in this country.

George Heppelwhite was the third of the great English cabinetmakers and designers of furniture. Some idea of how seriously these men took their art can be gained from the preface of Heppelwhite's book, The Cabinet-Maker and Upholsterer's Guide, where he writes:

"To unite elegance and utility and blend the useful with the agreeable has ever been considered a difficult but honorable task."

Heppelwhite combined the best of Chippendale with the best of the Adam brothers, leaning, however, more strongly toward the Adam influence. From the latter he took the tapering leg, the oval-back chair and the painted decoration. He excelled in inlay work, using varying patterns of low-toned contrasting woods to get his effects.

Last among the artist cabinetmakers in this age was Thomas Sheraton, a strange, ascetic character who combined the duties of preacher, teacher and cabinetmaker. He was always poor, yet his poverty, apparently, irked him not. In the preface of one of his books of design he writes:

"I can assure my reader, though I am thus employed in racking my invention to design fine and pleasing cabinetwork, I can be well content to sit upon a wooden-bottom chair, provided I can but have common food and raiment wherewith to pass through life in peace."

Sheraton is often considered the greatest of the four furniture designers. He was a purist as an artist, adhering to straight lines, square corners, and rectangles wherever possible. His chairs show the square back; his sofas have long, graceful, simple lines; his tables are inlaid or painted. His fame is built more on his work as a designer than on his actual craftsmanship.

Many names are listed among the master cabinetmakers in the colonies: men who plied their trade with the same rare skill as those in England, but chief among them, and known for their beauty of design and material, are Savery of Philadelphia, McIntire of Salem, Mass., Goddard of Newport, R. I., and Duncan Phyfe of New York.

William Savery was one of a group of distinguished cabinetmakers of Philadelphia who from the very start of the Golden Age of Cabinetmakers fell into the rhythm of Chippendale. The work of Savery, an austere Quaker, who had his shop "At the Sign of the Chair in Second Street near the Market," is today recognized by experts.

He Gave Them Full Value

IN THE New England colonies also there grew up a group of master craftsmen among whom the books of the English cabinetmakers were well known. John Goddard of Newport, R. I., was one of these, Samuel McIntire of Salem, Mass., another. Many of the seaport cabinetmakers were men who had served their apprenticeship in the shipyards, and their cabinetwork, especially the interior woodwork trim and carving, shows the influence of ship decorations.

The best known in this group is Samuel McIntire, who was the architect and interior decorator of the best houses in Salem during the years 1782 to 1811. It is interesting to note that this salty cabinetmaker also was called in occasionally to repair musical instruments. He was the architect of the Old South Church in Salem, the Salem Court House, Hamilton Hall and many private homes.

Among the last was the home he built for Elias H. Derby, a wealthy merchant of Salem. McIntire himself carved the gateposts, the mantels, the interior trim and the furniture. The house when finished cost $80,000, no mean sum in those days. When Derby died his heirs in settling the estate tried to sell the house but could find no buyer for it. The house was wrecked, and many of the people of Salem bought up parts of the interior for use in their own homes.

If not greatest, then certainly best known of all the American cabinetmakers and designers of furniture of this period was Duncan Phyfe. When Duncan Phyfe came from Scotland in 1783 or 1784 he was plain Duncan Fife. An aristocratic patron in New York, however, succeeded in making the canny Scotchman see that the name spelled "Phyfe" would bring more trade.

Phyfe was a lad of fifteen or sixteen when he came to America. He went to Albany, where he was apprenticed to a cabinetmaker and learned his trade. New York, however, was the great metropolis, then as now, and as soon as he was ready to stand on his own feet to New York he came. His way was exceedingly hard at first, orders for work coming in very slowly, and he was just about ready to give up and go back to Albany when fortune smiled upon him in the form of patronage from a daughter of John Jacob Astor. So pleased was she with the exquisite work he turned out for her that she sang his praises to others, and before very long Duncan Phyfe became the vogue not only in New York but also in cities which followed the New York flair.

Like many of the English cabinetmakers, he loved mahogany. Not satisfied with the ordinary product, he imported his wood from Cuba and Santo Domingo. Exporters down there knew his feeling for fine woods, and whenever an especially fine log was cut would initial it D. P.

For such as these he sometimes paid as much as $1,000. He had his own private yard where he seasoned the wood properly, and he never cut a piece to go into a chair or table until it had sufficiently matured. Time meant nothing to him. Excellence was what mattered. This, by the way, was true of all the good cabinetmakers of that day. His patrons paid him heavy prices, and he gave them full value for their money. The following is a bill rendered to a customer in Philadelphia in 1816:

To 12 mahogany chairs at $22	$264.00
Sofa	122.00
Piere table	265.00
Pair card tables	130.00
Packing	19.00
	$800.00
Discount 3 prct for cash	24.00

The Secret of Antiques

THIS will explain a little why genuine Duncan Phyfes cost so much today.

Duncan Phyfe's furniture is, as a rule, divided into three periods, the first between 1795 and 1818, when he showed the influence of the Adam brothers and Sheraton; the second between 1818 and 1830, when he was affected, as were all cabinetmakers in this country as well as in Europe, by the Empire furniture of France; the third between 1830 and 1847, when he turned out what he himself called "Butcher Furniture." The sun of the Golden Age of Cabinetmakers had set, and Duncan Phyfe, together with the rest of his brother craftsmen, was making furniture for people endowed with money rather than good taste.

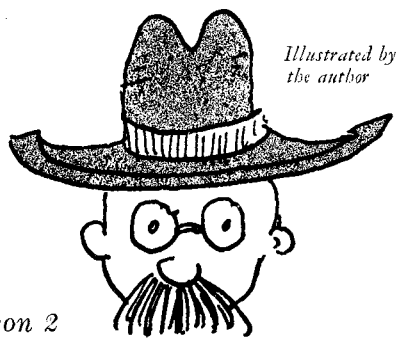
It is believed that there are no more than a hundred pieces of genuine Duncan Phyfe furniture existing today. Where the rest of the work of his many years of craftsmanship has disappeared nobody knows.

That all furniture in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was not made by men like Phyfe or Savery or McIntire is obvious. There were many less gifted cabinetmakers who worked on order for people of humbler means or less taste. The handiwork of these men has also come down to the present generation as antiques of a period that is past.

This is especially true of provincial furniture where a traveling journeyman cabinetmaker would build furniture to meet the immediate needs of a household far removed from the sophisticated, changing modes of the cities. All such furniture was built on simplifications of earlier styles. When Sheraton was the mode in New York, for instance, a journeyman cabinetmaker working in the Catskills might still be making simple furniture after the style of Chippendale. This division of sophisticated and provincial fashions invariably holds. But always, it should be remembered, in cities as well as in the country, the wood employed was excellent, well-seasoned, and the furniture built by hands that took pride in their craftsmanship. That is what makes antiques good.

McGoofey's First Reader

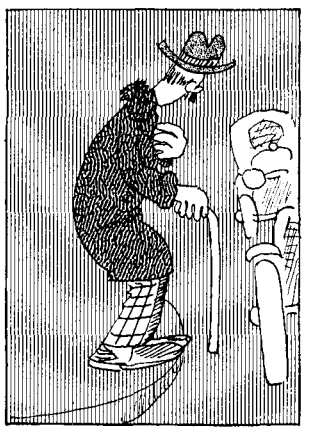
By H. I. PHILLIPS



Illustrated by the author

Whom have we here? *We have Hilton.*

Who is Hilton? *Hilton is just an average citizen.*



Lesson 2

This is Hilton, too.

What is Hilton doing? *He is waiting for a chance to cross a street in heavy traffic.*

Will he get it? *He will if he has a lot of luck.*

Lesson 3

Here is Hilton. He has managed to cross the street without being knocked down more than three or four times by crazy motorists.

Hilton looks very angry, doesn't he? *Yes. And what's more, he IS very angry.*

What is he doing? *He is shaking his fist at a taxicab driver and denouncing all motorists as blankety-blank hogs, scatter-brained idiots, bloodthirsty savages, inconsiderate, discourteous half-baked bums," etc., etc.*

Hilton declares it is high time the owners of motor cars were made to realize that pedestrians have some rights.

Lesson 4

Isn't this Hilton again? *Yes, this is Hilton again.*

What's he doing now? *He has had difficulty crossing the street at another point and is again delivering a broadside at automobiling crackpots, featherbrained dodoes, etc.*

Does Hilton take on this way often? *About two hundred times a day.*

Lesson 5

Who is this? *This is Hilton.*

What is Hilton doing? *He has just dashed through a crowd of pedestrians at a busy crossing and is yelling back at them: "Aw, whatzamattah with ya? D'ya want the whole earth?"*

Isn't Hilton the fellow who was always denouncing inconsiderate drivers and shouting for pedestrians' rights? *Sure!*

What accounts for the complete change of character? *Hilton has now become an automobilist.*

Does that make much difference? *Ask the man who owns one.*

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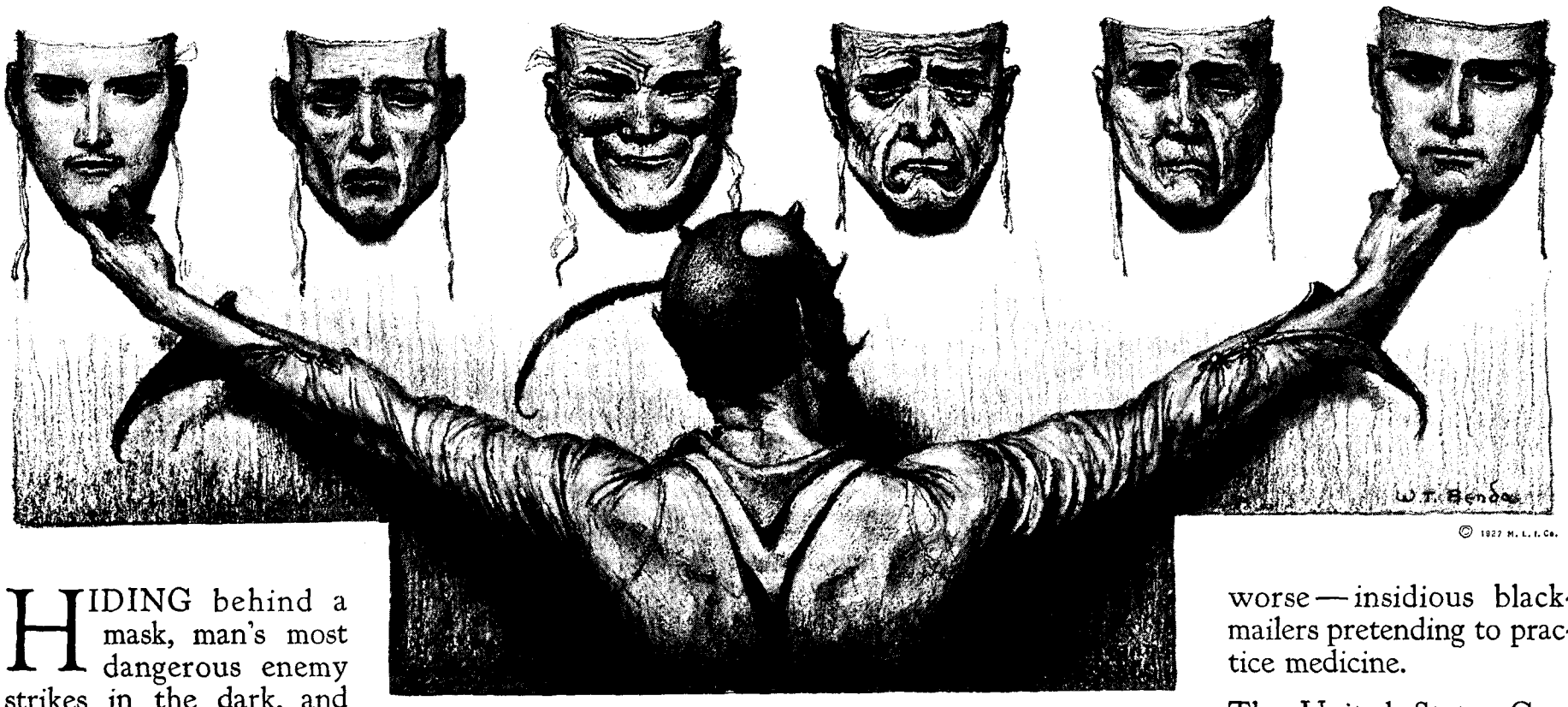

The Great Imitator

HIDING behind a mask, man's most dangerous enemy strikes in the dark, and adds two out of every thirteen deaths to his score.

Just so long as men and women, and boys and girls approaching maturity, are not taught to recognize the cruelest of all foes to health and happiness—just so long will many lives be utterly wrecked, lives which could have been saved or made decently livable.

Strange as it may seem, tens of thousands of victims of this insidious disease (syphilis) are utterly unaware of the fact that they have it and that its malignant poison is steadily and surely robbing them of health and strength.

No other disease takes so many forms. As it progresses, it may mask as rheumatism, arthritis, physical exhaustion and nervous breakdown. It may appear to be a form of eye, heart, lung, throat or kidney trouble. There is practically no organic disease the symptoms of which it does not simulate. No wonder it is called "The Great Imitator."

It is the imperative duty of each man desirous of protecting his own health—and more especially the duty of every parent anxious to safeguard children—to know its direct and indirect results.

Syphilis is responsible for more misery of body and mind than any other disease. It destroys flesh and bone. Its ulcers leave terrible scars. It attacks heart, blood vessels, abdominal organs—and most tragic of all are its attacks upon brain and spinal cord, the great nerve centers, resulting commonly in blindness, deafness, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, paresis and insanity—a life-long tragedy.

Because of fear and ignorance, countless millions of victims have been wickedly imposed upon and hoodwinked by quacks, charlatans and worse—insidious blackmailers pretending to practice medicine.

The United States Government took a brave step forward during the Great War and told our soldiers and sailors the truth about this dread disease and what it would do if unchecked or improperly treated.

It can be cured by competent physicians if detected in time and if the patient faithfully follows the scientific treatment prescribed by his doctor. After the disease has been allowed to progress beyond the first stages, cures are less certain, but a great deal can often be done to help chronic sufferers.

Men and women should learn the truth and tell it in plain language to those dependent upon them for education and guidance. It is a helpful sign that the best educators deplore the old habit of secrecy and urge widespread knowledge and frank instruction.

It is estimated that more than 12,000,000 persons in the United States have or at some time have had syphilis.

From 5% to 40% of all the cases in the general hospitals of this country are found to be suffering—directly or indirectly—from this disease. The variance in the figures depends upon the character and location of the hospital.

According to Government statistics, the deaths of 200,000 Americans, each year, are directly caused by syphilis and associated diseases. But thousands of deaths charged to other causes are actually due to this disease.

Hospital and clinic records show that early infant mortality can be reduced one-half by pre-natal treatment of syphilitic infection.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free of charge, its booklet, "The Great Imitator." You are urged to send for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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With a Dash

Continued from page 22

confided, as she held my fingers tightly on descending from the carriage, "I shall never want another man to kiss me. . . ."

Joan was gayer even at the Carlton than she had been during dinner.

"Joan dear," I begged, "you must let me present you as my niece. My character—"

"David dear," she interrupted, "aren't you content to lose your character for my sake?"

Between the appeal to my sense of humor and my affectionate regard for this amazing child I was helpless.

"But tell me why," I begged.

Then for a moment she was almost serious.

"Because," she whispered, "if Christianopolis really believes that I am in love with you—and I am—perhaps he will leave me alone."

"But, Joan dear, if you want him told to leave you alone, if you want him put where he belongs, that at least comes within the scope of my legitimate authority."

She shook her head a little sadly.

"Words wouldn't touch him," she assured me. "There is something else, and he knows it."

We were at the height of our gayety when he came in. He was too discreet to attempt to join us at our table, but selected one for himself at the opposite end of the room. From the moment of his arrival there was a queer change in Joan. Her feet floated less lightly across the floor, and yet every now and then her little half-passionate kindnesses seemed more than ever real. Christianopolis came across the room, bowed formally but a little cynically to me, and stood before Joan. Without a smile on her face, but perfectly acquiescent, she moved away with him. . . .

There is something about dancing, which I do not understand, and I won't attempt to describe. I only know that after they had danced for a short time there was a little murmur of interest among most of the onlookers. Two of the real professional dancers came out to watch. I gathered from comments I heard that the dancing really was wonderful.

Joan's face was suddenly pale. The light-hearted girl had vanished; it was the woman who danced. There was no shadow of unpleasantness in their contact—not the faintest suggestion of the lewdness which sometimes one sees in many public dancing places. Yet, whereas Joan had danced with me with laughing eyes and parted lips, with the whole-hearted gayety and joy of a child, she danced now with a rapt devotion utterly inexplicable.

There was no smile upon her lips, no joy in her eyes, but I who watched her knew that every fiber of her being was responding to some fierce emotion. They danced on, and again, until with a sudden sensation of relief I heard the customary signal from the orchestra for an exhibition number.

They came back to my table and parted without the exchange of a word. Joan sank into her place by my side, and Christianopolis, with a bow to both of us, took his leave. Yet as he crossed the room I fancied that there was something triumphant in his slow, perfectly balanced movements. I poured Joan out some champagne. She drank it greedily. I opened her vanity case, and with a quick smile of understanding she studied her reflection in the mirror.

"Isn't it terrible, David?" she whispered.

She looked at me with the strangest light in her eyes, and I knew that it was terrible. Then she glanced behind.

"Pay your bill another time, David," she prayed, "and let us go."

And then we fled from the place like frightened children.

IF ANY shred of reputation still remained to me at the hotel which had known me and my regular ways for many years, it must have vanished that morning when, having parted from Joan half an hour previously, at four o'clock I heard the soft turning of the handle of my door, and she glided into the room. I looked at her with momentary horror. A touch of her old self brought the laughter into her eyes.

"You're perfectly respectable, David, in that ridiculous dressing gown of yours," she said, "and, as for me—why, I haven't much on, I admit, but I am all covered. Please!"

She pushed me gently back into the easy-chair in which I had fortunately been enjoying one last cigarette before turning in. She seated herself upon the side of it. Her arms went round my neck.

"Oh, you dear David!" she murmured. "If I hadn't found you! Oh, if I hadn't found you!"

Her arms tightened. She kissed me with the sudden ardor of a child clinging to some protecting elder. I knew better than to interrupt her. I sat quite still, but I think she felt the shiver of anxiety which was creeping through me.

"David," she went on, "it must be you or no one else. Philip doesn't understand, although in his way he is a dear. I'm just an ordinary child, aren't I?—girl—young woman, what you will—but I am mad. I've a little madness, and if you won't help me it's going to steal all through me. I shan't be what you'd want me to be any more. David!"

"Joan dear!" I whispered.

"I'm reasonable about everything else in life," she pleaded. "I hate Adrian Christianopolis. I know that he is what you and the right sort of men call a bounder; I know he's wrong, morally—every way. I could shriek at the idea of his kissing me, and yet when I dance with him—when he dances with me—it's heaven and hell mixed. I can't refuse him when he asks; when he leaves me I think of the next time. And it's what I told you just now—it's heaven and hell mixed—and I'd rather have it, it seems, than heaven itself. David?"

"Yes, child."

She kissed me again, on the eyes, and her lips were burning.

"David, can't you save me!"

"Of course I can," I assured her. "Easiest thing in the world! I'll see to it tomorrow."

She withdrew herself a little from me. Her lips came apart, her eyes were filled with a questioning light, but it seemed as though she forgot to speak. Then I kissed her tenderly, and lifting her in my arms, placed her in my chair, and stood up before the mantelpiece.

"Child," I enjoined, passing the cigarettes, "smoke."

She obeyed me. I struck a match, lit her cigarette, and then my own.

"Now listen," I continued. "You'll swear that there's nothing about this man except his dancing?"

"Before God!" she sobbed. "I loathe and detest him. And, David," she added, almost pitifully, "what is there in dancing that it should turn one into another being the way it does me? When I dance with you or with Philip I'm just happy. That is how one should love it, and yet there's something else—something which seems to come flaming up from hell in my blood when the music starts and he dances with me."

I poured myself out a whisky and soda. I really didn't want it very much, but I did it for the sake of atmosphere.

"Supposing," I asked, "I were to tell you that you were never to dance with him again, would it make you happy or unhappy?"

She flung out her arms to me.

"The happiest being in the world," she declared.

"Then your troubles are over," I assured her.

MY REPUTATION among certain sections of society in Monte Carlo will probably never again be thoroughly reëstablished after the events of the ensuing fortnight. Joan, in the absence of Christianopolis, becoming more light-hearted and daring every day, carried out the scheme of devilment upon which she had embarked to its furthermost limits. Even when I made my most agonized efforts to introduce her to some of my friends as my niece, to speak impressively of the impending visit of her mother, my sister, she spoiled the whole effect by either assuming an air of bland surprise or indulging in a perfectly obvious grimace.

I really believe that so far as the loiterers of the place were interested in my affairs at all, they became terribly interested as to the relationship between Joan and myself. To all my attempts at establishing her socially, Joan replied by some further piece of flagrant misbehavior. She insisted upon lunching, dining and supping alone with me at different places every day. The stream of young men who followed her from San Remo she treated in such a manner that one by one they thinned out and failed to materialize. Philip Rothbury alone, I was delighted to see, she tolerated, and he was sometimes permitted to join us.

The thing which brought me real happiness, however, was the utter disappearance in a few days of every cloud from her young face and the passing of that state of nervous unrest which had kept her glancing furtively toward the door whenever we were dancing.

Sooner or later, however, the inevitable was bound to happen. She and I were supping one night at the Carlton, with Philip Rothbury, who was attached to another party, occasionally intervening for a dance, when suddenly, during the pause, after an exhibition dance, Christianopolis came in. He was paler and pudgier than ever, and he leaned heavily upon two sticks. I saw Joan shiver for a single moment as she became aware of his arrival, but immediately afterward the fear had gone. She looked at him in frank curiosity.

"Why, here's Adrian!" she exclaimed. "I wonder what's happened to him."

He bowed to her, taking no notice of me, and established himself at a table just inside the door. She looked at him speculatively.

"Now I wonder—" she began.

I insisted upon dancing to keep her quiet. As soon as we returned to our places, Christianopolis rose and crossed the room toward us. She watched his approach without the slightest change of expression, without, in fact, any show of interest. He took her hand, still ignoring me so far as was possible.

"Hullo, you've been in the wars!" she exclaimed brightly.

"I met with an accident," he explained. "May I join you?"

"I'm afraid we've only room for three at our table," I intervened, "and the other place is engaged."

He looked at Joan with an expression I had sometimes seen in his face when they had been dancing. Her eyes never flickered as she smiled back at him.

"Sorry, Adrian," she said. "What hard luck for you not being able to dance!"

He stood quite still for a moment, and I braced myself for the attack I was half expecting. The indifference of her tone must have been terribly galling.

"I miss not being able to dance, of course," he admitted, "but my time will come again."

She caught his venomous glance toward me as he turned away, and it seemed to bring illumination. She gripped my hand under the table. She ignored Philip, who was crossing the room toward us, coming to claim a dance.

"David," she cried, "I've never been so excited in my life. Can't you feel me—I'm trembling all over. Tell me the truth at once."

I decided to treat the affair as lightly as possible.

"Men," I pronounced grandiloquently, "have fought since time immemorial to save the girl they love from harmful contact."

"You fought with him—you, David!" she exclaimed.

I looked across the room at his retreating figure.

"One couldn't fight with a creature like that," I replied. "We took him out into the country—he thought he was going to lunch with you—and we gave him the choice, Philip and I, of leaving the principality or of—an accident. He didn't believe us, and he chose the accident. I was something of a surgeon in my younger days," I explained, "and knee caps were rather a specialty of mine. He's all right, except that he can't dance."

"He can't dance," she repeated.

"And until you're safely off my hands," I concluded, "he never will be able to again."

They were playing the Blues, and the lights had been lowered. She suddenly leaned toward me with all the old mischief in her eyes. Regardless of shocked faces at the next table, she kissed me. But it was Philip with whom she danced.

I SHALL be in my sister's good books for the rest of my life. Here is a fragment of her last letter:

"I shall never cease to look upon you, Henry, as the greatest social diplomat I have ever encountered. How you got Joan to break with that detestable crowd—especially that *awful* Adrian Christianopolis—and marry that delightful boy Philip I can't imagine, but you did it where I failed. You know that Philip has come in for another six thousand a year and that they say he is likely to be the youngest Cabinet Minister? Bless you, my dear Henry. I shall always send to you when I am in trouble. . . ."

On the other hand, even to the present day, half Monte Carlo believes me to be something of a roué, although there are a few who, impressed by my sister's enthusiasm, look upon me as a very clever fellow. Only I myself, sometimes, when I take my cocktail alone up at the bar on the hill, or listen to the music with rather a dull party at the Carlton, know the whole truth.

Which is that I am something of an old fool.

Another adventure of Major Forester will appear in an early issue

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Collier's pays $5 for each Nameograph chosen for publication. "Sinclair" was drawn by Fred S. Comings, Fort Benning, Ga.

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Western Electric with this outstanding national distribution system does this work at substantial economies for the telephone companies and the telephone-using public.

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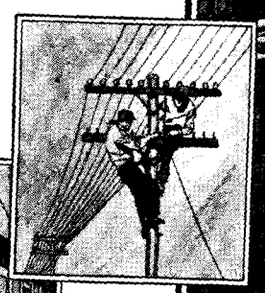

Western Electric quickly supplies everything needed inside the telephone exchange too.

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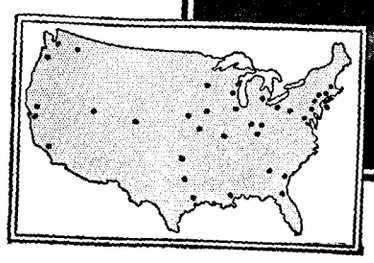

Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

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The Valley Girl

Continued from page 26

that, to plead with the legislature not to permit the shifting of the river's course. We've amassed some alluring legal facts about riparian rights too. No, boy, we're not quite asleep. But that's all the good it may do us."

"What do you mean? If—"

"The injunctions—dealt out the way our legal bunch will deal them—will keep him from cutting the dike for maybe a year. Maybe less. For a while. Meantime he can go straight ahead with his dam, down above Raaten Creek. Likewise he will. But in the long run he's liable to get the injunctions vacated, so my own law jugglers say. What we've got to do is to hustle, forty-one hours a day, to get our own dam up and the water into our lake. Then we'll have something tangible to go on. We can prove tangible injury then if he destroys our body of water by cutting a hole in the dike that holds it in. My lawyers say we can enjoin him permanently on that. But not while our own job is still up in the air."

"I see. Good."

"Good only if we can get our dam up and our water in before he can get his own piker dam finished and get enough of our injunctions vacated for him to smash a hole through the dike. That means RUSH for every one of us, boy. We can do our eating and sleeping after we've got our dam up and our lake in. Till then those are luxuries that must wait. See?"

"I SEE something else," volunteered Gavin. "Even if you have him sewed up for a while with hand-picked injunctions and legislation, dynamite is a tricky thing. Suppose one of his men should happen to be walking along the top of the dike some night at the spot where he'd like the escape cut to be. Suppose he should plant enough charges of dynamite in the dike to blow a hole thirty feet deep and thirty feet wide and let the whole Reginskill through the gap into his marsh? It would be hard to fix the legal blame on Christie. It would be harder to force him to repair a dynamite hole in his own land."

"When the time for danger comes, I'll have a double guard at that part of the dike, just this side of his boundary line," replied Bett. "I'll have a guard there day and night, with orders to shoot first and hand out repartee afterward. Thanks for the hint. But Jeff Christie won't be fool enough to let in the water, if he can help it, till his own dam is built and the marsh burnt over and detimbered. Not till his dam is done, anyhow. That's what we've got to look out for, boy. Ours has got to be done first. And ours is four times as big. Hustle!"

Thus had the hustling begun. Thus had the lower valley hamlets been turned into a cross between mine towns and slums.

The end was not in sight, nor even the climax.

Work on the rival dams waxed apace. With three times as many laborers and with ten times his opponent's wealth and resources, Bett forged ahead in the scrambling race for completion.

The bottle neck swarmed like an inverted ant hill. The foundation plans worked out by Gavin were discarded for others calling for foundations far deeper and stronger. Cole protested to his employer that this change would entail needless loss of time. Bett answered curtly and definitely:

"No loss of time. Only a gain of man power. I know what I'm doing. There'll be a bill to flash, for such a dam as I am building, that'll show any court on earth how criminal it'd be to let Christie rob me by draining my lake. I'm not piling on extra work just for the fun of going into debt. Stick to your own end of the job and don't waste time criticizing."

Ignorant of finance and of law, Cole bowed to the dictum of a man who had an invariable way of being right and went on with his multiplied labors.

Foremen, under lure of astonishing bonuses, worked their gangs almost to the point of mutiny. Worn-out and nerve-racked laborers, heavy with unaccustomed wages, eased their fatigue and temper in regal splendor of debauch during their scant spare time, and the valley's natives looked on with gasping horror at sights that were fantastically far outside the square and angle of their own quiet lives.

Herculean toil; Gargantuan debauch: this was the day and night routine of the ever-increasing rabble of workers. The police agency's force of guards was doubled, yet still had its capable hands more than full.

Gavin Cole, used though he was to the crude recreations of labor gangs, was sickened. He complained to Bett of the indescribable state of affairs, begging him to authorize the closing of the speak-easies and the dives and the expulsion of the toughs of both sexes from the zone of dam operations. Bett laughed comfortably.

"Let 'em alone, boy," he bade the disgusted engineer. "Their foremen see to it that their spreeing doesn't interfere with their work power," continued Bett. "The man who is laid up, or even slowed up for an hour, by his last evening's fun gets fired. And the crowd knows it. Shut down the dives, and the whole crew of them will spread over the valley in every direction, hell bent for any mischief they can get into. The dives are a safety valve. If they can lose their cash in a crooked game, or if they can forget work by getting moderately drunk, or if they can get a jolly night at one of the dance halls, they go back to work with a punch; and they're content. If they can't, they're not content. And as soon as they're not content there's going to be the devil to pay and more ugly damage suits than I like to think about. Yes, the dives of all kinds are safety valves. I won't have them clogged. I'm running a big rush job here, not a workingmen's reform show."

"How about the good will of the valley people?" asked Gavin. "They've begun to hate us like poison, all of them. Their clergymen are preaching against the debauchery every Sunday. Their women and children don't dare go out alone. Somehow they hate our crowd worse than they hate Jeff Christie and his—partly because Christie is a native, I suppose, but partly because his men are kept in rather better control."

"That's because there are fewer of them and because they're quartered in a camp two miles from the nearest village," said Bett. "Don't you worry about the valley people. The guards patrol their roads and keep the roustabouts pretty much concentrated. Our men do mighty little damage to the valley at large, considering how many of them there are and the kind they are. The valley will forget all about it or else remember it with a thrill and a grin. It won't set folks against our development. Why, look how the natives down at Haskell and Pompton and Midvale kicked about the munition workers' rowdyism during the war! Inside of a year after it stopped nobody remembered a thing about it. It'll be the same here. Don't you worry. We got to play the game with the cards we hold. The job's going grand."

"That's the third person I've seen go by in the last hour. I wonder if the elevators aren't running."

FILLED with dumb nausea, Gavin Cole turned away from the fruitless conference with his overlord.

Bett had taken temporary quarters in the Eagle Hotel during his almost incessant sojourns in the valley. With rooms fitted up as office and as bedroom, he spent most of his time at Regin and thence directed his cloud of lieutenants.

Cole left him there now and made his own way to the hotel's shabby porch. The day was Sunday. At this hour, during Gavin's first weeks in the valley, there would be a Sabbath hush over the drowsy townlet. Scattered groups of folk in their best clothes would be converging at the little old white church in the patch of green square above the business blocks. Families would be setting forth gayly in overcrowded and noisy cars for a day's picnicking.

More than once Gavin had come down on Sunday mornings from his hut to the ancient white church's services and to watch the placid Sabbath life of the valley after its week of hard toil on farm or in shop. There had been a wondrously restful Old World atmosphere to it all.

NOW, as he stood on the hotel porch and looked out on the street, he was struck painfully by the startling change in everything. The once shiningly clean Main Street was littered and foul. Two shopwindows had been broken the night before by pay-day carousers. The glass shards lay strewn on the dirty pavement.

Plenty of people were abroad, but all of them were foreign-faced laborers and their attendant toughs, together with a smattering of tawdry and tired-eyed women. The green in front of the church was worn brown by countless scuffing boots. Newspapers and broken bottles, and the like, spattered the once verdant space.

The church bell was not tolling its mellow summons across the Sabbath valley. But somewhere near by a honky-tonk piano was whanging out its meed of rackety jazz. The scarce-muffled chug of machinery and the shouts of gang foremen told that the Sunday force was at work on the dam.

In assent to public opinion—an assent as unwilling as it was tactful—Bett had decreed that there should be no active work done there on Sundays. But he had said it might be necessary sometimes to keep a few men employed as an emergency force in order that the work of the week days should not be allowed to deteriorate.

The excuse was lame, but it was the only way whereby, covertly, he could maintain a full 30 per cent of his gross force frantically busy there on the day of rest without incurring even more unpopularity than already was his, as well as a protest from the labor unions.

Now the diminished Sunday shift was making known its presence, while the rest of the laborers loafed or amused themselves or slept off in their raw wooden barracks the effects of last night's pay-day debauch.

With a swelling distaste for the whole peace-shattering enterprise, Gavin set forth from the hotel for a half day's mountain tramping which should clear his brain and steady his eternally goaded nerves. Rarely could he steal time for such a hike. Yet ever, in his pitiably few leisure waking hours, this was the way he braced himself for the work and hustle and nerve twist that was to come.

He made his way along the choked street and out into the open country. By the time he had covered a mile or two he had left behind him most of the visible signs of the valley's invasion. Such laborers as Bett employed were not of the kind, usually, to waste their brief rest hours in country walks.

He left the road and strode across fields and woods toward the hills which shut in the valley to the north. Far behind him was Regin, and farther was the dam site whence a diminuendo hum of labor denoted Bett's successful evasion of rest-day regulations.

Just south of his line of march was

(*Continued on page 36*)

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HUGH MULHOLLAND HENRY STILES

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The Auction

SOUTH passed. West had a perfectly sound No Trump. He had all four suits stopped and a hand which was two Kings better than average. Using the count of Ace 4, King 3, Queen 2 and Jack 1, the hand totaled 16. His bid would have been justified with only three suits stopped and a much lower count.

North was placed in an interesting position by West's No Trump. Sitting over it, with A-Q-J in one suit, A-Q-10 in another, and a King in a third, he had great strength. Had West bid No Trump as Dealer, the advisability of a double by North would have been undoubted; but the objection to North's double in the present case was that South had passed, and doubling a No Trump after partner has passed is somewhat precarious. When West is strong enough to bid No Trump and North is strong enough to double, South, who has passed, is more apt to be trickless than he would be if West had dealt and South had not yet declared. A dependable rule to use when determining whether to double informatorily is: "Do not double in the second-hand position (the partner not having declared) unless the hand contains in three suits at least five high cards that probably will take tricks; and do not double in the third-hand position (partner having passed) unless the hand has at least six high cards that probably will take tricks." In this case North had a holding which more than fulfilled this rigid doubling requirement.

After North's double South's declaration was doubtful. He might bid two Clubs (that being his only long suit); he might make a Business Pass (believing that the No Trump could be defeated), and he might bid two No Trumps. The hand seemed too strong for a mere bid of two Clubs, which North would interpret as weakness, and a shade too weak to justify risking a Business Pass. The fact that South had passed originally would keep North from overestimating his strength if two No Trumps were bid; and, as North's double had shown six high cards apt to take tricks, game seemed probable at No Trump but not at any other declaration.

THESE hands were broadcast by Mr. Work on Tuesday evening, December 20th. Compare your playing of them with his complete description of the play given below.

The Play

WEST opened by leading his fourth best Heart. Dummy played the Ten and, when East played small, the Declarer planned his campaign. He could now count three Heart tricks as assured, and almost certainly three Diamond tricks (the Diamond King presumably being in the West hand). He could make up one Spade easily, and he had the Ace of Clubs, but eight tricks would be one short of game. On the other hand, if, in addition to three tricks in each of the reds, he made up three Clubs, game would be obtained without touching the Spades. To make three Diamonds it was necessary to lead that suit twice from Closed Hand, and, to secure two leads with that end in view, South won the first trick by overtaking Dummy's Ten of Hearts with the Jack.

Trick 2, South led a small Diamond, finessing in Dummy. When this finesse won, the Declarer led the Ten of Clubs from Dummy and played small from Closed Hand, passing it up to West, who, being a No Trump bidder, would be almost sure to win it.

The lead to trick 4 placed West in an unfortunate position. To lead Clubs would be fatal; to lead Diamonds would accommodate Declarer; to lead Hearts would give Declarer a second winning Heart finesse; and to lead Spades would add a Spade trick to the adverse book, as South must have the Queen of Spades; he would not have been apt to bid two No Trumps merely on the Ace of Clubs. So West continued his Heart lead at trick 4, hoping to save game by making two Hearts, two Clubs and one Spade. Dummy won with the Queen and, to trick 5, led Clubs from Dummy a second time, South once again finessing, as that was the only way to establish Closed Hand's long Clubs. Trick 6, West again led Hearts, thus establishing a Heart in his own hand, and trick 7, South led the third round of Clubs from Dummy, taking with the Ace in Closed Hand, and of course then cashed his two Clubs from Closed Hand.

After that it was easy for him to make the two remaining tricks necessary for game, and no discards that West could have made would have affected the outcome.

In next week's issue Mr. Work will play the Collier's Radio Bridge Hands, to be broadcast Tuesday evening, December 27th, at ten o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

WEAF, New York; WEEI, Boston; WJAR, Providence; WTAG, Worcester; WTIC, Hartford; WGR, Buffalo; WFI, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WCSH, Portland, Me.; WSM, Nashville; WHAS, Louisville; WGY, Schenectady; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WTAM, Cleveland; WWJ, Detroit; WSAI, Cincinnati; WGN, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WSB, Atlanta; WMC, Memphis; WHO, Des Moines; WOW, Omaha; WTMJ, Milwaukee.

The Valley Girl

Continued from page 34

the curved dike which was to mark three of the four sides of Christie's projected lake. A hand bridge spanned the Reginskill here. Cole crossed it with the grim realization that now he was in enemy territory and subject perhaps to arrest for trespass.

At the hand bridge's northerly side he paused and looked down into the purling brown water that slid so turbulently over its bed of slimed stones and weedy gravel.

Always there was something half hypnotic to Gavin about fast-running water. Today, for a change, he could afford to think of this mountain-country river without estimating it in terms of flowage and average current force and of gallon volume per hundred yards.

The water swirled and braided, chucklingly, over incipient riffles. The long bottom weeds lay flat with the current like shocks of green-brown hair. Tiny fishes flashed silver in the yellow sandy backwaters, making timidly abortive dashes at the water spiders that sprawled over the surface. Cardinal flowers blazed on the water-scored low bank. Dragonflies darted busily above the water, bound apparently nowhere, yet flashingly eager to arrive at their nonexistent goal.

GAVIN started up from his half-smiling absorption in the sunlit river's busy life. There were clumping steps on the bridge behind him.

Three men, perhaps out on a Sunday stroll like himself, had come to the bridge on their way toward the distant labor camp where Christie's working force was bivouacked.

Cole nodded civilly to them as he moved aside from the end of the bridge to let them go by. The three acknowledged his nod with glowering faces. One of them ostentatiously spat on the ground.

Then they were gone, and gone too, for Cole, was the river's sweet glamour. Once more he was his workaday self.

He had recognized none of the trio. Yet very evidently all three men had recognized him. Presumably, to judge from their manner toward him and from their direction of travel, they belonged to the Christie camp.

If so, he could understand easily the antagonism they might feel toward the chief lieutenant of the rival enterprise—the man who had come hither as a scout and surveyor and option buyer and who now was supreme in command during Bett's frequent absences.

Need of labor had forced Christie to employ many of the toilers who had been discharged from the Bett forces for more or less trivial lapses of industry. Such discharged employees, naturally, had held Gavin indirectly responsible for their loss of a job, since it was to him that the foremen reported and from whom they received their orders, and they were certain to report him to their new fellows as a brute and a slave driver and several less flattering things.

Yes, the scowls of the three pedestrians were easy to account for. Yet, somehow, they irked Cole, and their memory marred his joy in his hike.

He took up his planned line of walk, toward the northerly hills. Twice before he had made his way thither during the past month. He was on a search—one of those whimsically interesting searches which add zeal to a mountain ramble.

A month earlier he had chanced to fall into talk with an old valley resident for whose son he had just found a job on the dam. The oldster had told him of a primitive zinc mine, high up on the southerly side of the tallest of these hills: a mine whose prospect shaft had been sunk a year before the American Revolution. The miner—a valley landowner—had made his Negro slaves sink the shaft in desultory fashion and at odd times, and they had struck at last a rich deposit of unusually good-grade zinc.

Then had come the Revolution, and the miner's death at the Battle of Princeton. His heirs had had scant interest in his discovery and had done nothing to improve on it. Finally the land had passed into other hands, and the story of the mine shaft had sunk into vague rumor.

But Cole's informant claimed to have blundered on the shaft years back during a hunting trip. His talk of the brush-hidden hole and of the probable fortune in zinc at its bottom had roused the professional zeal of the engineer. Perhaps the mine might prove worthless. On the other hand—especially when railroad transportation should be better—it might be worth a fortune. In any case, it was worth looking for.

On neither of his two other quests had Gavin been able to find trace of the shaft. Nor had he reason to think he would be luckier today. Yet it added an interest and a cogent reason of sorts to his walk.

There was less than a mile of low ground between the hand bridge and the bottom of the wooded hillside. The first quarter mile of this way led across a meadow. Then came a scarf of forest. As Cole resumed his walk he saw the three men ahead of him strike the field path which led toward this woodland. He followed.

As they reached the woods one of them looked back. Then all three moved on. When Gavin reached the woods he could see no trace of them except a smoking cigarette stub which lay in mid-trail a few rods inside the shade of the woods.

He thought no more of the matter, except that they had in all probability taken a path to the right which might be a short cut to their camp. He himself kept straight ahead until he reached the foot of the mountain.

Here the ground arose at an abrupt angle straight toward the summit. But a hundred yards to the right there was easier going. Here for some distance the ground sloped upward at an easy slant; in fact, a slant so easy that an impromptu spur track had been built transversely across it for the carrying of stone from a miniature new quarry in the lower hillside to Christie's dam.

Cole had seen this flimsy and rattletrap half mile of unballasted makeshift railroad with its second-hand rails. He had grinned at its single gondola car, whose tiny engine hauled it, full of broken stone, and with all set brakes squeaking, down to the dam, or puffed groaningly upgrade with it again when the empty gondola returned to the quarry for another load. So steep was the grade that auxiliary brakes had been attached to supplement the regulation hand brakes.

ON ONE of his two Sunday hikes up this hillside Cole had come by accident upon the track and had followed it up to the quarry, where the gondola waited, full of stone, for the arrival of the engine on the next workday morning.

Incidentally, the bumpy track made an easier climb for Gavin, during the first part of his ascent, than did the shorter and steeper pitch straight in front. By following the rudimentary right of way to the quarry the worst pitch of the rise would be avoided.

Accordingly today he found the track and followed it once more on its twisting upward route. The engineer in him gave mingled credit and ridicule to the improvised railroad line as he plodded through its cuts and rounded its banked turns. Everything apparently, except a moderate chance of safety, had been sacrificed to haste in constructing it. Woods lined it closely on either side. Cuts and bowlders flanked the rails with barely enough leeway for the clumsy flat car's sides.

For the best part of the winding upward half mile Gavin walked the track. Then, at an eminence, the gondola car came into view, standing just in front of the quarry mouth and heaped

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high above its red sides with the morrow's first cargo of stones. From the same eminence Cole could catch through the foliage an indistinct glimpse of the far end of the track, a half mile below, where several people were moving about. There the railway ceased abruptly, above the core-wall pit into which the stones were to be dumped. It would be a nasty drop for the laden car, should the wheezy engine's brakes and its own fail to keep the pace slow on the downward run. Small wonder auxiliary brakes had been added. The log buffer at the dam pit's verge was flimsy. The deep pit itself was piled with sharp rocks. Gavin did not envy the locomotive driver and any possible passengers their precarious rides.

Cole continued his climb after a minute or so of gazing down at the welter around the distant dam. Much he wished he might go down and look at the work. But he knew he would be regarded not only as an arch-enemy of the enterprise but as a probable spy as well. So, turning his back on the patchy vista of view, he started upward toward the near-by gondola car.

A twist of cut barred the car from his sight. As he came out of the cut he blinked. The gondola was nearer to him than he had thought. Nor was it directly at the quarry's edge. It was some yards down the track.

A second glance at it and Gavin Cole broke into a run.

Somehow the rusted brakes had all at once ceased to hold the laden old car on its incline. Old as the ramshackle gondola itself, they had given way, or perhaps had been released by some mischievous boy. The car was coming down the grade directly toward him.

Very slowly, almost imperceptibly, it was advancing. The tug of weight and of grade were not yet enough to do more than push it forward at a crawl.

But at a hundred yards it would have gathered momentum enough to send it roaring down the crazy tracks at increasing and dizzy speed.

There could be one of two possible climaxes to the guideless runaway. Either weight and speed would make the heavy gondola jump its insecure tracks, en route, smashing to bits and ripping up the rails or else it would strike the buffer at the track's end with the speed and impact of a thunderbolt, crashing down into the pit with its avalanche of cargo and killing any idlers or guards who might chance to be under there.

On Sundays valley folk had a way of strolling out to look at their fellow valleyite's work. There might well be a half dozen such people, to say nothing of regular Christie employees, somewhere in or around the dam pit. To any or all of them the oncoming car would mean annihilation.

GAVIN COLE broke into a headlong run. There might be a chance to avert the disaster. The car's auxiliary brakes—used only for the steep descents—would not be likely to have been set when the gondola was left at the quarry mouth for the night. The ordinary brakes would have been deemed sufficient to hold it steady. It had been so on the former Sunday when Cole stopped to look at the laden car.

If he could board it, before it got going too fast, and could get at these brakes, the descending monster might be checked before its flight should become irresistible.

Lithely he checked himself as the car rumbled toward him. He stepped out of its path; caught its handhold and swung aboard. He righted himself on the shifting ballast and lurched toward the brakes.

Then, too late, he saw the fatal blunder he had made.

(*To be continued next week*)

Sailing at Dawn

Continued from page 17

continued, with a smile. "So you must try, and pretty soon you will remember, I am sure. Sit down back here and try to be quiet. We'll find your daughter. I'll begin by calling up the hospitals now. And there are other things I can do, and I'll do them all—I'll try my best. I'll help you, but you must help me too. You must be quiet, very quiet, and think about your daughter here and all her letters, all your plans for that fine journey back to Spain—and try to remember all you can."

THEN she turned to the telephone, while the little old traveler went to a chair at the rear and sat down. At first that terror still gleamed in his eyes. "My daughter is dying!" they seemed to say. "Her life may depend on my finding her! And I can't remember! What shall I do?" But then, as I watched him, by degrees he seemed to be forcing his panic down. It was after midnight now, and the immense station was hushed and still; but he seemed to notice nothing out there; his look was turned deep into himself, searching all the memories. His jaws were set. His face grew stern.

Suddenly he gave a start. With a flash of hope coming into his eyes, one gnarled hand went to his breast and brought out a rosary. And then the old Spaniard began to pray, slowly, slowly, bead by bead. His moving lips made not a sound; they were smiling now, unconsciously. More and more quiet he became. As the minutes wore away, however, he seemed to be growing frightened again. His lips moved faster, and they trembled. Rapidly, as he neared the end of that string of beads in his rigid brown hands, the panic was coming back into his face! The rosary dropped from his trembling fingers.

Then, as though it were a last resource, he began to repeat the Litany of the Saints. The moment he reached "Santa Maria—" there burst from his quivering lips a queer sharp little whisper of joy! The next instant he had jumped to his feet, and his face and his hands were raised to the painted starry blue sky on the lofty ceiling.

"Santa Maria del Socorro! Santa Maria!" the old man cried. Quickly the agent turned in her seat.

"What do you mean? What is it?" she asked him.

"It is the name of the ship!" he replied. Tears were streaming down his cheeks. "My girl in her letter she say to me maybe she not so sick to die. Maybe she get well again! Maybe she meet me on that ship! And I knew, I knew that ship, she have a name the same as this! Santa Maria del Socorro! I knew, I knew it was one of these!" And he fervently kissed the beads in his hands!

In less than an hour after that, in a taxi, we came to an East River dock. A small freighter lay alongside. She was sailing for Barcelona at dawn, and they were busy loading her still. She had acquired British registry, and most of her crew were British. From the ship's doctor I soon learned that a Spanish girl had come aboard that afternoon. She had been brought in an ambulance, and was in the sick bay now. Had I brought that old father of hers? Thank God! For the girl had been raising the devil down there, vowing that if he didn't come they must dump her out upon the dock. As for her sickness, that was all right—a mere appendicitis case, and the operation had been a success. All that she needed was rest and sleep. When I came to her father with the news, he crumpled right up and dropped on his knees. I turned from him and looked out on the river, with its shadowy tugs and barges and its little moving lights, red and green and white and yellow. Behind me the old traveler was fervently thanking the Mother of God. "Santa Maria del Socorro!" came in a whisper out of the dark.

How can Tycos be of Service to You?

TYCOS Temperature Instruments have been serving many industries and homes for years. Have they served you? Are you familiar with the comfort, economy, and health that the use of *Tycos* Instruments will bring about? For your convenience we are listing a few important groups of instruments, believing that the short descriptions below will prompt you to see these home helps at your dea er's store, or to send the coupon for additional information.

Kitchen Aids

The Taylor Home Set consists of a Taylor Home Bake Oven Thermometer, a Taylor Candy Thermometer, and a Taylor Sugarmeter. These may be supplemented by a Taylor Deep Fat Frying Thermometer, and a Taylor Refrigeration Thermometer. By the use of these instruments the element of uncertainty in cooking, due to lack of temperature information, is done away with for good. Scientific accuracy takes the place of guess work. A recipe book, containing over 200 time and temperature tested recipes, will be sent to you if you wish. In it the use of these Taylor kitchen helps is fully explained.

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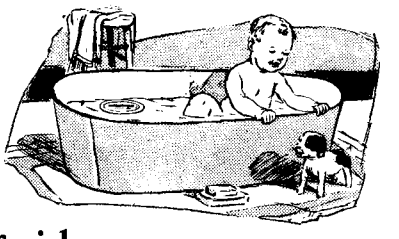
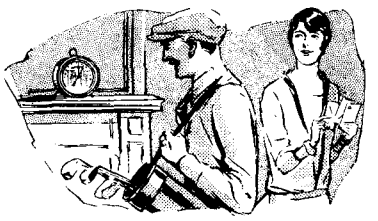
Do you know that the temperature of your bath has a very definite effect on your body? Do you know what temperature bath is best for morning? For evening? We will send you a pamphlet showing the *Tycos* and Taylor Thermometers for the bath, from the dainty oval Thermometer for His Majesty, the Baby, to the larger ones for hospitals and institutions, together with suggestions as to the best bath temperatures for various effects. Bath Thermometers make excellent gifts for invalids or older people.



Stormoguides



To enable you to plan your pleasures with the weather. Foretell coming weather conditions twelve to twenty-four hours in advance. Many beautiful designs to choose from. Stormoguide, Junior is a new member of the Stormoguide family and retails for $10.00. If your business or pleasure takes you into the open, a Stormoguide will help you to go suitably prepared. Golfers, yachtsmen, farmers find Stormoguides' advice worth many times over the amount paid for the instrument.

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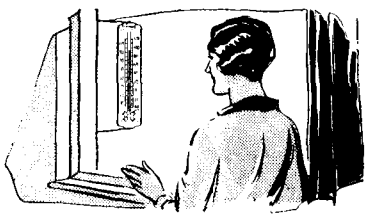

Tycos and Taylor Weather Thermometers have been used for over 75 years. They are in every village and city throughout this country. They are on the job in the bleak cold of the Arctic and the humid heat of the tropics. A style and price to fit every need and purse. Fine scientific instruments, accurate to the hundredth part of a degree, to inexpensive general utility thermometers for garage or cellar. A booklet, "Temperature and Its Relation to Our Health and Comfort" showing a number of *Tycos* and Taylor Weather Thermometers free upon request.

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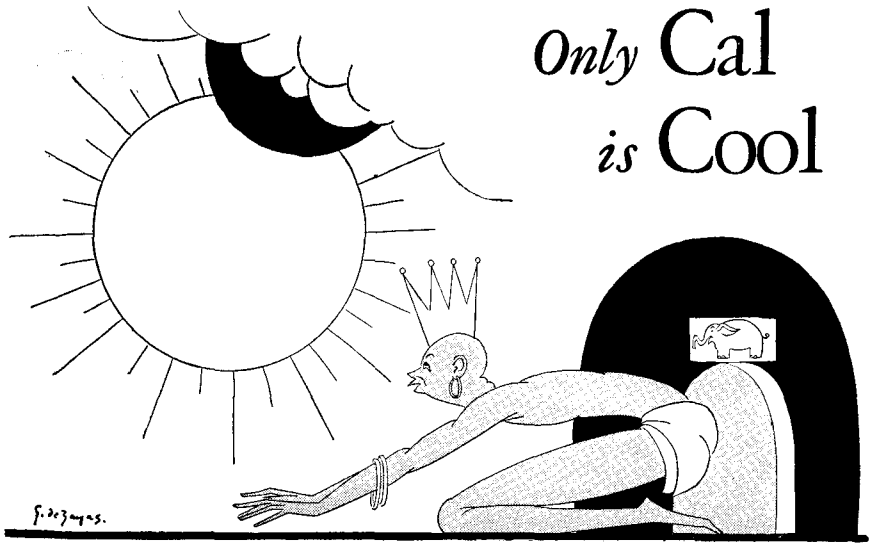

Only Cal *is* Cool

BY THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

ONE of President Coolidge's friends tells a story of being visited by a couple of Eastern business men who after a good deal of hemming and hawing got down to the subject of their errand and said with quavering voices, "Can't you save us? Can't you persuade him to run again?"

That is an extreme case of the desire not to have any change in the White House after March 4, 1929. Not many people are quite so disturbed at the thought that after that date there is likely to be another President of these United States.

But one hears a good deal of contracts made and orders for supplies issued subject to the condition that Mr. Coolidge shall be renominated for another four years by the Republicans.

One can't tell how much of this is genuine. Among the politicians the demand for Mr. Coolidge—which persists even after the White House injunction to the Republican National Committee to "vigorously continue the serious task of selecting another candidate"—is one half pretense.

Leaders who do not wish to commit themselves to any other candidate find in the uncertainty about Mr. Coolidge an excuse for not taking their chances with anyone else. And men who are candidates themselves, like ex-Senator Butler, Senator Fess and Representative Reed, think they will have better chances of being elected if they have Mr. Coolidge at the head of the ticket on which they will run.

But unquestionably we are going through the most extraordinary bit of mob psychology over the retirement of the President, of which the crowning evidence was the circulation of chain petitions to be signed by a majority of the voters.

This is hysteria pure and simple, of a piece with the hysterical "Can't you save us?" It reminds one of the unpredictable—but much more creditable—popular outburst over Lindbergh.

A Throwback to G. O. P. Magic

LINDBERGH was not the first to fly across the Atlantic. Coolidge is not the first President to retire from office. Thirty Presidents have gone from the White House, and we have survived. Nobody had to save us. Nobody had to sign chain petitions to keep the wrath of the gods from descending upon us.

The worst that is likely to happen if Mr. Coolidge retires is that he will be succeeded by Mr. Hoover or Mr. Dawes, and that does not seem to be a hard fate. Either of them will work the same magic with the economic powers that be that Mr. Coolidge has used.

When we grow accustomed to the change we may even like their magic better.

This popular psychology all goes back to the time when men lived in mud huts and the tribal king possessed a magic that made the sun to shine and the rain descend when it was needed, so that the plants grew and there was food for the tribe.

When a "save us" movement like the present one—or maybe it will be a recent one by the time this is read—gets going it brings up the long-buried primitive tribesmen out of the inside of us.

But let us look at another side of this thing. It will be granted that the Republican party veils and unveils the face of the sun as needs be, and makes the rain to fall and stop falling—except now and then, when too much is spilled in Vermont or the Mississippi Valley. That is established and beyond contradiction.

But this new notion that of all the Republicans only Mr. Coolidge can be depended on to work this magic deprives the Republican party of its chief reason for being and substitutes personal for party omnipotence. Of all the tendencies toward substituting persons for parties this is quite the most extraordinary. This carries the decay of parties one step further than it has ever been carried before.

Psychological Mystery

SUPPOSE Mr. Coolidge should yield to chain petitions and loud ululations from all over the land, what would happen four years from March 4, 1929? Who would save us then? Wouldn't it be harder to trust the control of the sun and moon to other hands after "four more years of Coolidge"?

And when in the course of human decay it became impossible to have another renomination, would we have, as in some fantastic religious sect, a cult substituted for parties and politics?

What has brought about this strange emotional tone in politics, unexampled in the history of American government?

Is it the radio, which has carried the President's voice into every home?

Is it the movies, which place us daily face to face with the President, making separation and impermanence seem more personal and harder to be borne than they were when a President was merely a name in Washington?

Here is a subject for the study of popular psychologists.

In all of this mad business it seems to me that there is just one sane man, and he is the one man whom it is most important to have sane; namely, Mr. Coolidge himself.

When you look at his wry face in Washington, you see he does not know whether to be angry or amused at the antics of the tribe and its leaders. He was very nearly angry when he caused it to be announced that he disapproved the chain petition which to be perfect should have contained a curse upon the man who failed to sign it and send it to ten other men for their signatures.

He has said that there were plenty of good men to succeed him in the Presidency. And that is one word of sense amid gobs of tribal nonsense.

Making a great fuss over one is flattering up to a certain point. At that point it becomes slobbery and disgusting.

You are flattered so long as the people taking on over you behave sanely. When they behave like fools you are not even complimented. Mr. Coolidge, who is keeping his head, is very near the point of disgust.

From Fists to Faust

Continued from page 27

prohibited them from drinking, but they got hold of liquor and went at it with gusto. The wharves at Vladivostok were manned by Japanese military police—grim brown little men who were afraid of nobody—Yankee, Russian or British. One night a drunken gang of our fellows got into a fight on the wharf off which our ship lay.

A Narrow Escape

"IT WAS a vicious fight. A Jap M. P. was shot and an American knocked senseless. Reserves came to the aid of the Japs, who disarmed our men and marched them off to the barracks.

"I happened on the wharf after the first row had ended, and hurried to the barracks. The officer in command could speak English. I produced the letter from my Nagasaki friend and asked if such an officer were known as the man whose name it bore. The Jap bowed with extreme politeness and informed me that the colonel of the regiment was the brother of my Nagasaki friend.

"So I too spent the night in the barracks, but not in a cell: instead, in the colonel's quarters. When morning came he released our Yank rowdies, accepting my explanation that their exuberance was due to too much illicit vodka. As his shot M. P. was not seriously injured, the incident was closed.

"The moment I returned to landlubber's clothes I got married. I had no job, no prospects of getting one, and I had never earned a dollar by singing. That was less than eight years ago."

Tibbett took his wife to Los Angeles and there made ends meet (without very much overlapping) by $5 a day extra jobs at the Hollywood studios, plus fugitive engagements as a songster in movie houses.

With this and that young Tibbett found himself eking out odd dollars as a waiter. At a banquet he distinguished himself by singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" without missing a syllable. Rupert Hughes, a guest, heard him.

Besides being one of the more famous non-stop fiction writers, Mr. Hughes is a musician. He caught the quality in Tibbett's voice, and invited him to his house. The next step was a general concert in Los Angeles when Tibbett sang two of Hughes' compositions, lively lyrics of rough moods: Bricklayer's Love and The Roustabout.

There was no Otto Kahn or Gatti-Casazza present, but a theatrical manager did the next best thing by adding Tibbett to the Hollywood Community Theatre staff, where he received valuable acting experience in Shakespearean rôles.

He was graduated from there to the Casca California Opera Company.

Even then only one man grew really excited about his voice. Rupert Hughes continued to tell anybody who'd listen that a young Californian had the best baritone he had heard in years; but Mr. Hughes is naturally an enthusiast. When he came to add that the young baritone was also about the best-looking male singer he had ever seen, managers became mildly interested. Tibbett was offered motion-picture contracts, but these he declined.

Theatrical managers hired him as much for his appearance as for his voice. He went on tour with Roy Atwell and the little fairy of musical comedy, Marie Hogan, weight 200 plus pounds stage side.

"I suppose it would have been possible for me to stay in musical comedy all my life. I only remained long enough to get myself on my feet with a rising family of two youngsters; then, backed by acting experience as well as by three years of vocal culture, I campaigned in New York.

"There was the customary début, which always costs the artist money. I had the good fortune to be praised by the critics, and, armed with press clippings, I tried the Metropolitan. They accepted me although I was thirteenth in a row of 150 summoned for auditions. I sang Eri Tu from The Masked Ball and The Cradle Song.

"For months I had nothing but rehearsals. When they gave me a chance it was in perhaps the smallest rôle ever conceived, one that has not even a name, a First Citizen part in Boris Godounov.

"Although it was generally known that I was wholly a home product, never having studied in Europe, this fact didn't hurt me as a beginner. It helped me very much when my first real opportunity came. This was an emergency. A leading baritone was ill, and Gatti gave me three days to learn the part of Valentine in Faust. I was able to make the grade, so next came Sylvio in I Pagliacci, the famous prologue rôle. After that I belonged. I sang Ford in Falstaff, and almost before I had settled down to the dignity of membership in the Metropolitan Opera Company I was listed as a star."

But Tibbett had his share of ill luck. On the heels of his big success, when his name made the first pages after the Falstaff performance, sickness stopped him from cashing the furor and all but cost him his voice.

"If you want the worst sort of worry, be a singer with whooping cough," he says. "I walked about for fourteen weeks, barking and bellowing."

A worse strain, which Tibbett does not record, although it is evident in the stacks of mail that pursue him wherever he goes, had been his fight to keep himself clear of entanglements with admiring women.

"Ordinarily," he says, "tenors are the objects of feminine admiration because the tenors sing the romantic and passionate rôles. But the flair for Chaliapin of two seasons back put the bassos and baritones in the running, and we had a hard time avoiding lion hunters.

"I never delude myself that a woman becomes infatuated with me. Her impulse to romance is stirred by a young man in colored tights singing a captivating operatic rôle."

Tibbett and his wife were motoring one night to their mountain home, Idlewise, in the San Jacinto hills in California. A puncture delayed them, and in the dark they lost their way. Residents of the hills are leery of wayfarers by night. Tibbett gave up hope of reaching his cottage until morning. He tried the first lighted house he came to and was repulsed by an indignant mountaineer with a rifle.

Luck is an Asset

HE RODE on and came to another homestead. This owner likewise appeared at the doorway, scowling and armed. But the phonograph was playing and, as good fortune had it, a Tibbett record.

He told the mountaineer—being desperate for hospitality by that time—that he was the Tibbett of the record. He proved it by singing the same song as the one on the disk—Con Amore. The Tibbetts were guests that night.

"My hope is to be a pioneer in native American opera," says Tibbett. "I'd like to see an opera even in slang; something so unmistakably American that it couldn't be anything else.

"When I was a humble beginner I worked my way to Caruso's dressing-room one night toward the end of his career, and asked his advice.

"'You young Americans need patience more than advice,' he said. 'Youth is yours. If foreigners predominate it is only because they are older and are merely instructing your country in music. Don't be in a hurry to succeed, for where there is youth and energy and opportunity success is inevitable.

"'One thing,' he added, 'I heard you whistling along the passageway. Don't whistle back stage. It brings bad luck.'

"When the world's greatest singer believed in luck, can you wonder that I count it among my assets?"

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Wide Open

Continued from page 9

and open up the box. If anybody's slipped a slug into the box, the owner of the place hasta make good, so the box don't lose nothin', see.

"We take 60 per cent of what's in the box and leave 40 per cent for the owner of the place. Outa that he can pay his rent, maybe, and slip a little something to the boys in the neighborhood—you know: boys it's good to be friends wit'—and he gets a nice piece for himself, see.

"Maybe he slips us a little somethin', but, anyway, we get ours from Caponi for workin' for him. Ten per cent goes to the guys who own the machines. Y'see, they're all owned by a big firm and just rented out. The firm that owns the boxes gets 10 per cent, and the other 50 per cent gets around to where it's wanted.

Taken for a Ride?

"THE Big Fellow? N-a-a-a-w. Listen. The Big Fella's got so much jack of his own he could buy out the box-makin' firm. The Big Fella, he don't get nothin'—don't want nothin', and don't need nothin'. Clean, see. Just wants to see that the boys have a good time and keep it offa the streets and—"

"Didn't any of the boys tamper with the boxes?" I asked. "For example,

PETER B. KYNE

has written a new love story you shouldn't miss. Look for

The Golden Heart

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

break them open and blame it on a 'stick-up'?"

"Listen," said Little Tip Gallagher, batting his open palm downward as if to flatten an absurdity. "Listen. If a box is monkeyed wit', see, it's the fault of the guy whose place it's in. See? We ain't got no time to listen to hard-luck stories. The guy whose place they're in gets his."

"Taken for a ride around the horn?"

"Nothin' like that; nothin' like that. That's cat meat, see. Just trimmed a little, maybe, and he hasta come across wit' enough jack to fill the can th' jack drops inta. Thass all."

"Well, suppose the can wasn't full in the first place—when the box was broken open?"

"How t' hell do we know how much was in th' box?" demanded Little Tip indignantly. "For all we know it mighta been full, mightn't it? We don't take no chances."

Then Little Tip wandered off into the dolorous story of a boy called Swede Berger, a fool for hard luck although he was always trying.

"When the town gets loose," said Little Tip, whose affection for the Swede seems real, "th' poor sap thinks there's his chance to get somewheres, so he opens a place. It's in Thirty-sixth Street, and it ain't what you could call a alco dump or it ain't what you could call a box joint, only you could hit the boxes because he had ten of them in and you could get a drink because he had that too.

"But what he does is go in for everything on the town. He has a boy there you can get a shot of hop offa and he's got lady attendants to make the place homelike. The Swede's a nice boy, but he's in bad wit' some guys because he's runnin' wit' the Forty-two mob."

"What's the Forty-two mob?" I asked.

"Well," sighed Little Tip, whose tolerance for the ignorance of strangers in Chicago is very slender, "it's what's left of about forty-two mobs that got broke up. I don't know that they have any leader. That's the trouble wit' them. No leader. Can't get nowhere. Always fightin' among themselves, see. Need somebody to lead them.

"Anyway, some of Caponi's boys tell him to get outa Thirty-sixth Street, see. But the Swede tells them to go take a bite at his old blind aunt, or something.

"The next thing he knows somebody stops a car in front of his place and gets out. They put a bomb in the front vestibule and BAM! he ain't got no front door. Well, that's all right, see. Nobody's hurt, and he fixes up the front door and keeps it shut after that. But Swedes is funny. All right if you don't go shovin' them. When you go shovin' them they get to shovin' back, and they got guts, see.

"Well, the same mob comes around about a week later, only they come in the back way. It's three o'clock in the morning, and everybody, includin' the Swede, is in bed. Never much doin' on a Monday night, and this was a Monday night.

"BAM! This time they dump a big blast in the kitchen, and the Swede gets blowed right outa a window, see. He's in the hospital a month. Nothin' but hard luck, see."

Little Tip lay back as if that were the end of the story.

"But how about the others in the house—the lady attendants and—well, the booze and machines and everything?" I protested.

"How t' hell do I know?" said Little Tip. "It wasn't my joint. I did ask the Swede, and he says the same: How t' hell does he know? He didn't go back. If a guy don't get wise—even a Swede—after the second bomb, he oughta get himself locked up."

It was inevitable that women should be a considerable factor in the opening-up of Chicago. They came in large numbers from Canada, St. Louis, Cleveland, St. Paul, and so on. Bagnios popped up in various sections of the city, but for the greater part they were centered in and around the Black Belt on the South Side. There was nothing gay in this phase of the carnival, and the bagnios were not popular with the majority. Many of the bagnios are still operating, but Chicago will close them.

But the situation couldn't continue thus. Something had to be done to root out the carpetbaggers, the fly-by-nighters. They will tell you in Chicago that the lid went on about the second week in November, but they are speaking relatively only. Chicago is still open, but it's sobering a little.

The trouble was that the opening was too precipitate, too immediate, too unrestrained. If you wanted to open a whisky flat, you got your place and bought your hooch, and that was that. Gambling? Cards, dice and a place—and a bank roll—were all you needed. Women? Well, only a rat wanted such a place, anyway.

Let this be clear: There is no evidence that the Big Fellow's administration, as an organization, was directly benefiting from any of this; the Big Fellow himself aided only negatively in opening the town. He merely refused to pay any attention to it. If his boys were profiting by a little gambling or liquor—well, that was their business. Bill's mind was on other things—things which had to do with the welfare of Chicago as a municipality. Subways, for example. History, for another thing.

But the boys began to see that out of the hurly-burly they were not getting theirs—not all of theirs, at any rate. Too much competition. No organization. The situation had come to pass so quickly that it was out of hand in no time, and with such a situation out of hand gang wars of greater intensity loomed, and the Big Fellow's desire that rough stuff be kept off the streets was likely to be laughed at.

Also the Illinois Vigilance Association was raising a persistent racket about the bagnios, and a great many clergymen were nodding in approval of the protests from Mr. Yarrow, the superintendent of the association.

Another thing was happening. From a number of merchants and bankers came complaints that the poker flats, the gin mills and the bagnios were cutting too deeply into the weekly pay checks. Purchasers of legitimate goods were endangered, and the savings bankers viewed with alarm the inevitable failure of small savings accounts to grow. These commercially minded people made it plain that not for worlds would they oppose personal liberty and the like.

This had its effect and contributed to the reasons why the brakes were applied. But the principal reason was that the situation was out of the hands of the boys, who were supposed to benefit most from the income of Personal Liberty. Slot machines were ordered to the cellars. They were not taken out, mind you—merely put below stairs until order was restored and the free-lance gamblers frozen out. The police raided a number of bagnios and banished the ladies from the show windows of others. The lighting effects of others were ordered dimmed. Still, the vast majority of the women remain in Chicago—awaiting the reopening.

"They Ain't Runnin' Much"

POKER-FLAT proprietors curtailed their activities, some of them decking their cards and retiring into temporary silences. Caponi's boys went about taking census of the gambling places and reporting on the characters of the proprietors. This for future reference. Scarface's South Clark Street floors continued to be the scene of some financial activity, but access to the place ceased to be a mere matter of walking in. His For Ladies Only place closed entirely, and it may never reopen.

"When you bounce a gent," said one of Scarface's boys, "he takes the air like a gent. He's all jake. He knows why he got the air, and he takes it. But when you give a lady the breeze she stands in the hall and hollers like hell, and that ain't so good on the nerves."

I get it from sources which should be reliable, inasmuch as they are in direct contact with the City Hall itself, that Chicago's gambling should be well in hand before another month elapses. And when it is gambling will be open to the general public once more. The trouble is in finding a capable gambling tsar.

Caponi is disgusted. He refuses to accept the crown. He wants to run his own places for his own benefit. So he and his man Mondi are out of the running for the office of directing the gambling into right channels. Others have been considered for the place, and they, like Caponi, have shaken their heads.

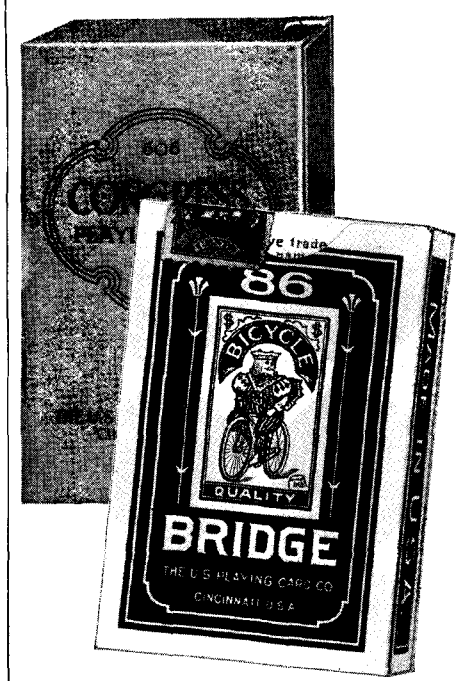
"It's gotta be a big boy," said Little Tip Gallagher. "A tough baby who can make them all run home when he says 'No.' And a lot of these guys out here is got broken arches or somethin' because they ain't runnin' much."

Such is the Chicago of William Hale Thompson. And who will quarrel with it inasmuch as Chicago likes it?

Likewise the Big Fellow is still "keepin' it offa th' streets, see."

LASTING QUALITY

Good for Game After Game



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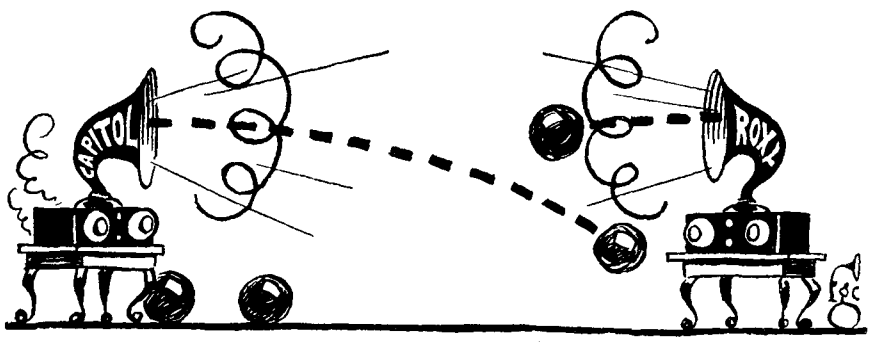

By JACK BINNS

Winsome Warfare

Major Bowes and his Family on the one side, and Roxy and his Gang on the other, are "saying it with music" during their battle for aërial supremacy.

This is the kind of warfare we like to follow. Let's hope neither side wins, and also that no armistice puts an end to this particular type of fighting.

THE arrangement to exchange programs which has been agreed upon by representatives of the British and National Broadcasting companies will go into effect about the time this appears. Under the plan American and British programs will be transmitted across the Atlantic by short-wave equipment, and after being received on suitable apparatus will be broadcast over the regular local stations for the benefit of fans in each country.

There are a number of interesting technical problems to be solved before success will be assured, and the chief one is the maintenance of tone fidelity throughout the various transfers the speech frequencies must undergo before they are finally reproduced in loud speakers.

The new schedule is the first that promises to give us real international broadcasting, and if successful it will be one of the great events of history. Let us all wish Dr. A. N. Goldsmith and Captain E. P. Eckersley, the two engineers involved, the best of good luck in their momentous venture.

Radio's Flywheel

"I HAVE just let a local service man install a resistance-coupled amplifier on my old set," writes Tom Harrison of Newark. "It works all right, but what I can't understand is why grid leaks are necessary. I thought they were only used on detector tubes. How come?"

In this case, Tom, the leaks act to bias the grids of the amplifier and keep them steady. Without them the tubes would choke up and stop working. They are very much the same to your amplifier as the governor is to a steam engine or the flywheel to the automobile engine.

Fooling the Landlord

"MY LANDLORD won't let me put up an aerial," bemoans Tom Heffernan of New York City. "What are these socket antennas I've read about?" he then asks. "Do they use up current in operating the set? I am asking these questions because it looks as though such a device would solve my problem."

First of all, Tom, I might as well set your mind at rest by saying that the device does not use up any current at all. It enables you to use the electric light company's wire as an aerial without paying for the privilege. So far as I know there is no objection to this because the aforementioned light company figures that if you have a radio you will use more current in electric lights than you would otherwise. So you just about break even on that score.

These socket aerials do not always work, but that is not necessarily their fault. It may be due to the electric light system. This is especially true where the wires are run through shielded conduits that are grounded. The only thing I can suggest is that you try one out first. If it doesn't work, put up an aerial inside your living-room.

The Modern Nero

In Italy the radio bug must turn off his set by ten o'clock each night because the powers-that-be have decreed no foreign jazz or other ethereally imported strains shall issue from any Italian horn and demoralize the hauteur of the Roman soul.

This shows how well Mussolini has got them dancing to his tunes.

Welcome Home

Continued from page 7

always get them to listen—isn't that what you mean?"

"Not chatty—not chatty," he repeated sadly.

"I really do want you to go," she said seriously.

"Well, that is certainly clearly put. I'll go, though I own I should like to discuss it with you—why you hate men. . . . I had an idea only unattractive women hated men."

She laughed for the first time, and he thought it a lovely sight. "Oh," she remarked, "how conceited that is! Unattractive women know very little about men. It's the attractive women who understand them."

"Talk about conceit!" he murmured. "In that one sentence you admit being attractive and also that you understand a large and obscure subject. What time shall I come tomorrow?"

"Any time you like," she replied with a free, open amiability which made him for some reason slightly suspicious.

"Five?"

"Yes, if you won't expect tea. I have no one here but a caretaker."

"A caretaker? You mean to say there is a caretaker in the house?"

"Certainly."

"Why, then, we are perfectly chaperoned. There is no reason why I should not stay." He sat down again on his bag.

"Oh!" she cried, exasperated. "I begin to have great sympathy with your father."

"Strange, that is just what another clever woman said—that I spent my life creating sympathy for my enemies. You see, there are so many things I want to discuss with you—how you like the house and why you bought it."

"Listen to me," she said. "This may appear to you a good time for discussing these matters—"

"It does," he said—"a perfect time: we seem unlikely to be interrupted, and even New York is quiet."

"Well, to me it does not. I may be conventional, but the presence of a total stranger in my room at this hour distresses me, and so I ask you to go."

He sighed deeply. "That's final, isn't it?" he said. "I'll go, then." He rose, picked up his bag, waved it with a sort of flourish as if it had been a feathered hat, and was gone.

THEN once again he was back in the hot dusty street—

"A fool," he said to himself, "would believe that all that actually happened." He turned and looked up at the front of his house. Yes, it was the same house: the only thing that was absolutely different was the man. His mind went back to an old fellow who used to go about preaching in the mining camps—he had been a drunkard and a gambler—and he used to tell the story of his conversion, exaggerating probably the baseness and squalor of his former life in order to heighten the effect of his climax: "And then God spoke to me, and I was a new man. . . ."

Bentham made his way slowly toward a tall hotel near Forty-second Street. His hand shook as he registered. It had never shaken before. Whose hand was this?

They gave him a room on the fifteenth floor. He walked to the window. He was excited—vibrating, churning as if he were gambling for some great stake. All his emotions were painful. So this was love—that much-heralded experience.

He had made the usual mistake of supposing that the great passion, if it ever came to him—which, of course, he doubted—would differ only in strength from the minor emotions. To be interested in a woman was a gay, stimulating, amusing incident. Well, then, to be in love with one would be more stimulating, more amusing, gayer still. But no. Love was terrible, sinister, desperate. The only people who took it lightly must be the people who knew they were not risking everything upon it. He was risking everything and almost certainly going to lose. For it seemed to him fairly clear as he stood there that this girl would never care for him.

He knew that any woman who had ever loved him had loved him on account of something elusive and temporary in his nature, something that made a woman pounce on him as a cat pounces on the end of a string just as it disappears. He had never enjoyed being pounced upon and had always managed to disappear, horrified at the voracious, possessive element in love—exactly the feeling which he now had for this girl. He wanted to possess not only her body, but her soul, her mind—to share her thoughts on the most trivial subject. Standing there, he longed to know what she thought about religion and marriage and free verse and the League of Nations, but also what she ate for breakfast and where she liked to go for a holiday. . . . And that wasn't the worst for when he had found out all these things, if they were not what he thought—if what she ate was different from what he ate or if she wanted to go where he did not—then he would want passionately to change her. . . . Of course she was just the girl to resent such a feeling, as he had always resented it. . . . He groaned. If he could only treat her as he had treated other women, he might have a chance. . . . If he could only be light-hearted and on the wing! Light-hearted! He sat down and covered his face with his hands.

WHEN he looked up again, he felt calmer. He had not done so badly in that first interview. She certainly could not suspect him of any undue emotion. . . . When he saw her again at five that afternoon—barely twelve hours away, a great many hours, twelve. . . .

His plan had been to go straight to the woods the next day, where when he was a boy his father had built a little camp in the southern stretch of the Adirondacks.

In the tropics he had thought often of those northern woods—the pines and the white birches—and he had made up his mind to take the two weeks' holiday which his paper owed him, and go up there alone. All the way across the ocean he had been thinking of the waterways he could follow, using the camp as a starting point; of the canoe he would get himself—as a boy his range had been restricted by certain long carries over which he had never been able to draw his father's heavy old canoe. . . .

Now he found himself wondering whether he could make up his mind to turn his back on New York. . . . He fell asleep revolving this problem.

It seemed to him that he woke up a few minutes later. "Ah," he said to himself, "that's what it is—to fall in love—a man can't sleep at all." He looked at his watch; it was two o'clock in the afternoon.

As he dressed, he suddenly remembered that he did not even know her name. Suppose the house burned down—suppose he found that she had been called out of town when he went back at five—he had no means of finding her. Then he remembered that his father's lawyer, Aubrey Robinson, would know who had bought the house.

Thus he came back to the question of the sale of the house, and as he thought about it he grew angry. . . . What an outrageous thing for his father to do—to sell all those objects small and great about which his early memories clung! Even if the old man had been willing, his lawyer ought to have advised him against it. . . . He remembered Robinson vaguely as a man his father always quoted in a tight place: "My lawyer advises that I should be fully justified. . . ." Tom decided he must see Robinson at once. He called up his office. Mr. Robinson was out of town. He called up his apartment. Mr. Robinson had not come in yet, but was expected at half past four. Tom put in two hours at a

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great shop for sporting goods not three blocks away from his hotel. He found the canoe of his dreams—small and light as a feather and painted blue. He ordered it shipped north that very evening. His enthusiasm for his trip flared up again. He went into the department of canned goods and camping outfits and spent a good deal of his salary.

A little before half past four he entered the apartment house in the Sixties where Robinson lived. After all, he had another appointment for five o'clock and could not take chances. He had not telephoned again; he had not left his name when he telephoned; he came unannounced. The manservant opened the door of the library and said, "Mr. Bentham."

ROBINSON was sitting in a deep chair reading the afternoon paper. Tom saw a long, determined legal face; a long, discriminating upper lip so characteristic of the profession; a pair of red-brown eyes a little too much like a fox's. Then the great man sprang up—he was barely five feet high. That was the source of his greatness. He had the reputation of being a great fighter . . . people told you that he was not a man to go to for compromises and tactful adjustments, but if you wanted someone to fight to the bitter end, Robinson was your man. The explanation was that every fight was Robinson's own fight. He was always fighting his own physical inferiority—his clients' interests were actually his own, for every triumph added a cubit to his stature. The only question anyone needed to ask about Robinson was whether he was on your side or against you.

That was precisely the question which Tom asked himself. This man had been his father's lawyer, but father and son had been on bad terms. Would he consider himself as the son's lawyer?

"Tom Bentham!" cried Robinson, and for an instant it seemed to Tom that an expression of alarm appeared on that blank legal mask.

"You did not expect me?"

"Not until tomorrow. I thought the Santa Maria did not dock until—"

"I did not come on the Santa Maria," said Tom. "I found I saved a day by sailing to Liverpool and taking a boat home from there. I got in last night."

"Last night," said the lawyer sharply, and seemed to wait for Tom to speak. Then, as he didn't, Robinson went on: "I had intended to meet you at the dock. I'm afraid you must have had a dreary homecoming."

"No, not at all," said Tom.

There was a short pause, then Robinson asked easily, "I don't suppose you have been at the house yet?"

"Yes," said Tom, "it happens that I have." And suddenly his anger flared up again. "Look here, Mr. Robinson," he said, "I suppose my father was within his legal rights in selling, but considering his physical state for these last months before his death, I must say I think you might have prevented it. . . ."

The lawyer looked dazed: "I don't understand you," he said.

"Can't you understand what a shock it was to me—one of his old umbrellas was in the stand—my mother's picture is still on the wall—and to hear it had been sold. . . ."

"What house are you talking about?"

"My father's house—the house I was born in—East Thirty . . ."

Mr. Robinson shook his head. "But that house has not been sold," he said.

"I beg your pardon," answered Tom. "It has. I'm glad it happened without your knowledge—but it has been sold."

"No," returned the lawyer firmly. "The deeds for that house have been in my safe at the office for thirty years."

There was a long pause. Tom's mind went careering off over all the possibilities, and found no explanation. "Then how do you explain the fact," he said, "that when I walked into my own old room last night shortly after midnight I found a girl sitting up in my bed . . ."

"Great heavens!" cried Robinson, and his tone showed him to be profoundly startled. . . .

". . . who tells me," Tom pursued relentlessly, "that I am an interloper for the reason that the house has been sold?"

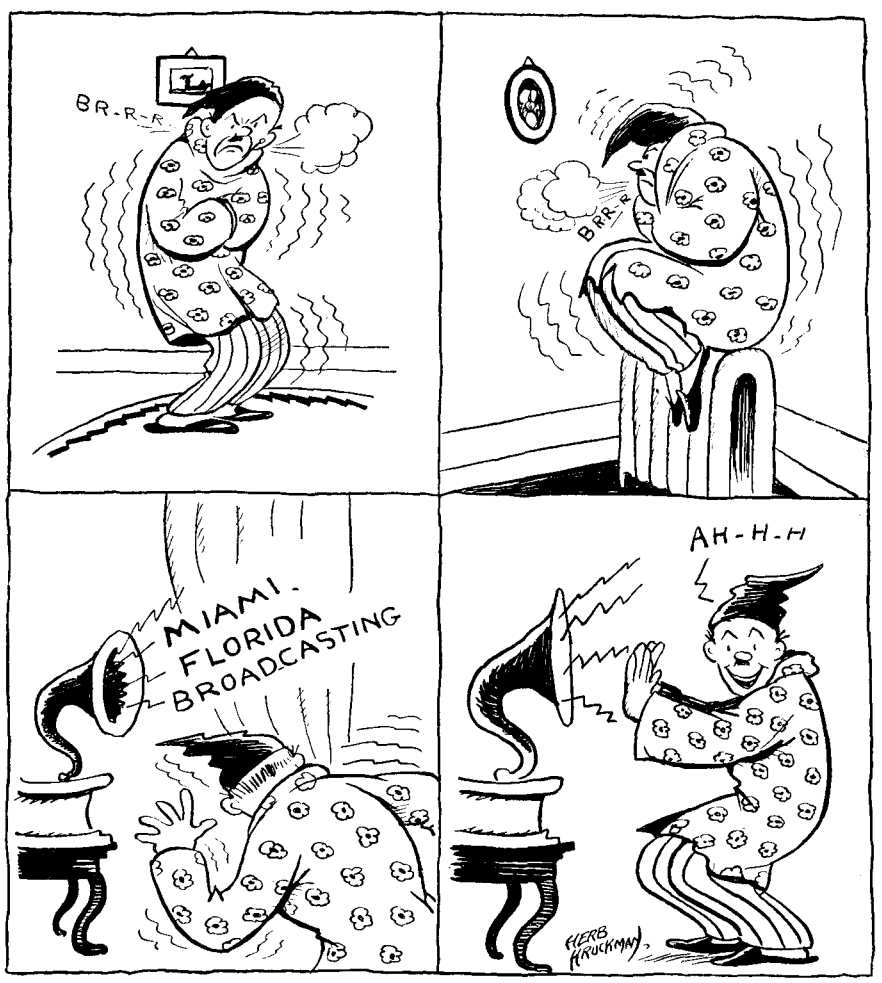
Robinson laughed and then quickly became grave again.

"She told you that," he said. "The explanation, of course, is that you simply got into the wrong house."

"That is just what she said—but I didn't."

"How can you be sure? The neighborhood has changed so much in the last few years, apartment houses have been going up, and. . . ."

(*Continued on page 42*)



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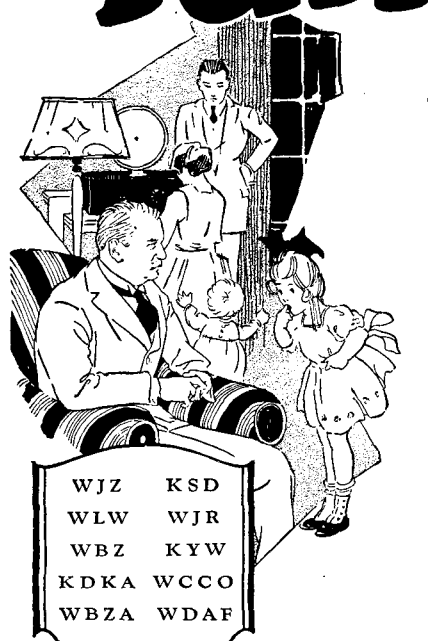

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Tom Masson Says

The oldest drug store in the United States has been discovered on the Bowery, New York. It is rumored that some drugs were found in it.

You can't have too many wisecracks in a political platform.

"After all," said the octogenarian who had just remarried, "you can't be young but twice."

The real trouble with our civilization is its lack of convictions. For instance, among gunmen.

Our colleges are constantly adding so many different courses of instruction that it might be a good idea to include a chair on how to make a living.

"Prohibition," says Frank Doster, "is a mere spasmodic craze." And when you get the wrong stuff it is apt to be convulsive.

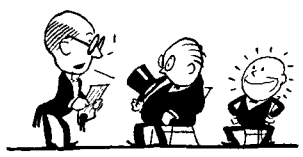
The history book may be silly, but on the other hand it does give a lot of people in Chicago a chance to learn how this country started.

It takes from ten to fifteen years, in Japan, to get a telephone installed. When the bell rings they ask: "What generation is this speaking?"

We used to have family prayers. What we need now is prayers for the family.

A ballot box would like to meet a large number of women voters. Object, social improvement.

If the price of cotton continues to rise, it may not pay to put it into all-wool garments.



English motor-car drivers are given a diploma if they drive their cars for one year without accident. We might emulate their example by giving similar diplomas to pedestrians who at the end of the year are still alive.

Welcome Home

Continued from page 41

"Apartment houses or not," said Tom. "I suppose I know my own bedroom when I see it—with photographs of myself as a child hanging on the walls."

"Really!" said the lawyer. He appeared to think deeply, and came out of his meditation with a new idea.

"You don't think the woman was the caretaker? Mrs. Huggins is not a bad-looking woman."

"The fashion in caretakers must have changed a good deal. . . . No, I can assure you that it was not the caretaker, though I understood that there was such a thing in the house."

"Who let you in?" asked the lawyer.

"I let myself in—I had my latchkey with me."

"After all these years?"

"After all these years."

"Well, that is odd, isn't it? No one would have expected that." Mr. Robinson rose to his feet.

THE servant came in and said that someone wished to speak to him on the telephone. Robinson asked who it was, and the man said it was a Mrs. Huggins. Robinson left the room without a word. He was gone some minutes. Tom was left reflecting that the lady of his love was not only hard as a rock, but also a phenomenal liar. How easily he had believed a statement which in the cold light of day he saw should have been incredible to him! However, it was not the moral lapse that occupied his attention, but the hideous idea that the five-o'clock appointment had also been fraudulent—she would not be there! Good heavens, he might never see her again . . . quick, quick to the house . . . he could hardly wait for Robinson's return.

Several minutes elapsed, and then Robinson entered with a thoughtful brow. "Well," he said, "that was the caretaker—wishing to ask about some work on the roof that I had ordered. . . . I took the occasion to ask her if there had been anybody but herself in the house last night, and she indignantly denied it."

"Well," said Bentham, "if she had been taking in boarders, she naturally would deny it." It seemed to him that for a great lawyer Robinson was not very clever.

"Perhaps," returned Robinson judicially—"perhaps you and I had better run round there and see what the situation is."

"Just what I think," said Bentham, and was on his feet and at the door, but Robinson was not so rapid in action. He rang for his servant, gave a number of deliberate orders about meals and messages, debated the necessity for taking an umbrella, had his hat rebrushed, wasted a good deal of time before they were finally off.

"I blame myself," he remarked as they were at last in the street. "I have not been inside the house for some weeks. But you know, if you've been reading the papers, that I have had a good deal to occupy me."

"Reading the paper!" said Tom. "Reading the Ocean Times, with such thrilling items as the football score of all England and how many opals you can pick up on the slopes of Chimborazo. What has been occupying you, sir?"

"Oh, it would be a long story, if you do not know—a very complicated divorce case, which I am happy to say I have just won for my client." His tone suggested that he had enough of the subject, and indeed Tom felt no impulse to press for details.

Presently they were at the house. Tom started again up the steps, but Robinson stopped him and went down to the area and rang the bell. At once a dog inside began yapping, and presently it came to the gate—a true caretaker's dog: small, rat-nosed, dirty-white, with shrewd, beadlike eyes. Then the caretaker herself appeared—a stout blue-eyed Irishwoman.

"Good morning, Mrs. Huggins," said Robinson very pleasantly. "Warm weather, isn't it? This is Mr. Bentham. We want to go over the house."

No reference was made to the mysterious lady. Mrs. Huggins began turning on the lights, and complaining of the dirt of New York. She had not had a moment yet to get upstairs and dust. . . .

They went up the first flight of stairs. Robinson was one of those thorough men—he would search the drawing-room floor—the dining-room—even the pantry. . . . They went on to the library floor. . . . Here too he opened every closet door, in spite of the fact that Tom began to be impatient. He had no notion that he would find the girl hiding in a closet. They finally reached his bedroom. Like the rest of the house, it was in darkness, but Mrs. Huggins, stepping to the window, ran up the shade. No room had ever been more completely tenantless: the furniture pushed back; the bed not only empty of any lovely stranger, but stripped—put away—the mattress rolled up and shrouded in a cotton covering. . . . Robinson stepped over and examined it—it was actually sewn into place.

"It keeps the dust away better," Mrs. Huggins explained.

Tom stared at the dressing table where the night before his eyes had ranged over gold brushes and tall bottles of perfume . . . it was absolutely bare.

"Mrs. Huggins," said the lawyer, "Mr. Bentham is convinced that last night in this room he saw—and talked with (am I right, Bentham? Yes, exactly)—talked with a young lady who asserted that this house had been sold. . . ."

"And it is sold, is it, sir?"

"No, it is not sold."

"Don't you think that perhaps the young gentleman got into the wrong house, sir?"

"No, Mr. Bentham is quite sure it was this house. Now the question is, Mrs. Huggins, whether perhaps some of your relatives may possibly have been spending the night in the house?"

Mrs. Huggins looked extremely large-eyed and innocent. "Indeed no, sir," she said. "I have no relatives at all but my sister's son who sometimes comes in to mind the house if I just step out. . . ."

"This, I take it, was not your sister's son," said Robinson.

"No, positively not," said Tom. He stooped and picked up a tiny tortoise-shell comb which had fallen under the shadow of the dressing table, and held it up. Mrs. Huggins snatched it from his hand.

"Oh, me little comb!" she exclaimed. "In this weather I can't keep a pin in me head," and she inserted it rapidly in a coiffure that did seem in need of additional security.

Tom walked over to the dressing table and opened the top drawer. It was empty, but from it exhaled an unforgetable perfume—the rich, flowery scent that had caught him by the throat the night before, and now, with the poignancy of smells, seemed to bring the whole emotion of the night before. He beckoned Robinson.

"Smell that," he said.

THE lawyer sniffed. "Yes—yes," he said, "there does seem to be a little something."

"It's there ever since I was here," said Mrs. Huggins firmly.

"Who has occupied this room?" said the lawyer. "One of your poor father's trained nurses. . . . But a trained nurse would hardly use perfume—especially such a heavy lingering one. . . ."

"Look here, Mr. Robinson," said Bentham, "you don't really believe I saw that girl here last night?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," returned the lawyer. "I am suspending judgment a little, though. I have known in my experience peculiar instances of what is now, I believe, called wish-thinking. But let us look over the rest of the house. . . ."

There was still one floor above them—the servants' floor in old times. They went up there together, opening every door and looking into every closet. They found no trace of the lady to whom Robinson once or twice referred as the "alleged trespasser."

When at last the vain search was over—they had searched everywhere but the kitchen floor which Mrs Huggins' cheerful presence protected—Robinson drew Bentham aside. "If you don't mind," he said, "I'll let you go along, and I'll stay and question this woman alone. She might confess something to me that she would not tell you."

"Be sure to call me up at the paper—the Standard, you know—if you find out anything."

"Naturally—naturally," said Robinson. "Why don't you come and dine with me tonight?"

Bentham explained that his plan was to leave for the woods that evening on a train that went just at the hour when civilized people were thinking of dinner. He was going first to report himself at his paper and then take a long-promised vacation before he was shipped away on his next assignment, which might be anywhere—Albania or Siberia. He offered, however, to delay his trip if anything in the settlement of his father's estate made his immediate presence necessary.

"Oh, no, no," said Robinson. "Go, by all means; get out of this heat for a week or so. The truth is this Carson case has kept me so busy that I have not attended to the settlement of the estate. . . ."

They parted more amicably than they had met. Robinson came out on the stoop and watched Bentham disappear round the corner; then he stepped back into the hallway, took up the chain which was dangling beside the door handle and put it in place so that no latchkey could open the door more than a few inches, and then he descended to the kitchen.

Mrs. Huggins, standing in the middle of the floor, was wiping her brow with her apron. "Glory be!" was all she said, but Robinson seemed to understand her.

"Mrs. Huggins," he said, "you are a very remarkable woman."

"Is he gone?"

"For two weeks, I hope."

The door of the kitchen closet opened on a crack, through which a lovely little white nose appeared. Then a young lady stepped out.

"Well, Mr. Robinson," she said, "may I ask how it was that you allowed that to happen?"

(*To be continued next week*)

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The Tricker

Continued from page 11

"Hit's natchal, baby," Bugaboo bragged. "Steamboatin' jest comes natchal to me. Sleepin', eatin', totin'—hit all comes natchal." And he swelled his chest and strutted down the gangplank, joyously conscious of the admiring eyes that followed him. On the deck of the boat he turned and called back, "I'll see you next trip, Good-lookin'."

ON THE same trip up the river there was a heavy engine base to be carried aboard at Natchez. The runty Negro they called Plat Eye walked toward it, but Old Folks stopped him.

"Git away f'm dat," he yelled. "Let a man git a-holt. You Bugaboo! Grab disyar and snake hit away!"

Bugaboo handled the weight with exaggerated ease, and one of the women on the levee tittered admiringly.

"Somebody tole me ole Samson was daid," she giggled. "But hit look mighty like to me dat yonder's ole Samson right yonder."

"Jest set yo'se'f on top, Sugar Pie," Bugaboo returned, "and ole Samson'll tote you off too."

And after that Bugaboo could hardly keep the Natchez girls away from him. It was a great life, the way the womenfolks lined up and passed remarks when Bugaboo wanted to show them how stout he really was!

When the sugar crop was handled the rice and the cotton followed, and always there was some way in which Bugaboo could show everyone how strong he was, and always the admiring womenfolks let him know that his efforts did not pass unappreciated.

Even when the chilling October rains drove Bugaboo from the open foredeck to a warm place by the side of the boiler, where he huddled in his blanket with a dozen or so other roustabouts, the glamour did not fade—the glamour of being a "steamboatin' nigger," and having the girls waiting for him at every landing with something to eat and a bright, admiring remark about how they would hate to have him hit them just once with his big stout hand.

It was hard work at times, but then, if the romance of it did not pay him, that forty dollars a month did. And, anyway, he was tricking them out of all the fun and free riding, so there wasn't any use for a boy to strain his luck and try to trick Old Folks out of any work.

"Ef'n de cap'm knowed I was trickin' him outer all dis ridin'," Bugaboo chuckled to himself, "I bet hit would be some tall cussin' goin' on. And Old Fo'ks! Can't nobody trick him! And yar me trickin' his eyes out, right befo' him! I bet ef'n he knowed I was trickin' him like dat, I bet he'd wear me out wid dat stick. But what he don't knows ain't no skin off'n his back."

And then a man played a trick on Bugaboo. The man was not aware of Bugaboo's existence, but he was aware of the fact that his big plantation at Whitehall needed lots of barbed wire fences on it.

Toting the wire on board at New Orleans was no pleasant task. The spools were small and heavy, and the barbs had a way of digging through the protecting clothing on the backs of the roustabouts and scratching into the skin. Added to this discomfort, a chilly wind started up late in the afternoon, bringing with it a drizzling rain.

"Totin' bob wire ain't nothin' but jes' plain work," Bugaboo grumbled. "De rain driv ev'ybody away f'm de landin', and hit ain't no way you kin trick."

He looked at Old Folks, standing tall and ferocious at the big pile of wire. Old Folks was driving them hard that day. "Grab hit and git goin'! Lif' up and lope off!" And frequently the hickory staff emphasized the commands.

"Dis is de wettest rain I ever seed," Bugaboo complained to Plat Eye. "I can't hardly git no foot holts for my foots, and de wind whups hit in my eyes so I can't hardly see."

"Ain't so funny when de womenfo'ks ain't braggin' and jow-jowin' at you, is hit, Country Boy?" Plat Eye taunted.

"I ain't studdin' 'bout de womenfo'ks," Bugaboo declared. "I'm studdin' 'bout gittin' outer dis rain and gittin' wa'm and dry."

Plat Eye laughed bitterly. "Humph!" he grunted. "Try and git."

Slowly but steadily the pile of wire disappeared. When there were but a few spools left Bugaboo saw Old Folks slip into his raincoat and go to the far side of the freight shed, where he talked earnestly with a man for a few minutes. As the last spool was being carried aboard he saw the old driver hurrying toward the boat. His slicker, Bugaboo noted, bulged considerably at the waistline.

"I bet he got a jug er drinkin' licker stropped up under dat coat," Bugaboo concluded. "I sees whar I thaws some er de marrer outer my bones, ef'n hit is."

As soon as the boat got under way the rousters huddled about the side of the boiler, which sheltered them from the beating rain and wind and dried their soaked clothing. They were a grumpy, grouchy lot. Bugaboo felt, as soon as he began getting warm, that a little conversation would help out. But he got no encouragement from the older and more experienced river men.

"Seem like ev'ybody's best friend done died," he remarked to no one in particular.

As if by way of reply, Old Folks ceremoniously removed his slicker and unstrapped the gallon jug that was held at his waist by his belt.

Bugaboo grinned in warm anticipation while the old man slid the belt from the handle and withdrew the corncob stopper. "Gin," he announced, as the unmistakable aroma smote his nostrils.

Old Folks took a long, gurgling drink, replaced the stopper, ran his belt back through the handle and buckled it tightly. "What you speck hit is—coal oil?" he demanded.

IT TOOK a full minute for Bugaboo to realize that he personally was not going to be invited to have a drink. But the finality with which Old Folks had slapped the corn cob into the jug mouth was unmistakable.

"Ef'n I got a jug er gin," Bugaboo ventured, "and I got a wet friend which ain't, well, I'd jes' haul off and give him a drink."

"Ef'n I got as much sense as you got mouf," Old Folks retorted, "I'd wrop up in my blanket and git me some sleep agin totin' off dat bob wire at Whitehall."

Barbed wire at Whitehall! That reminded Bugaboo that every spool of that wire had to be carried up the gangplank at Whitehall landing!

"When do us git at Whitehall?" he demanded

"Somewhar after midnight."

The sad truth almost made Bugaboo sick.

"Jes' thinkin' 'bout hit gits me a buck aguer. I wish Old Fo'ks wa'n't so stingy wid his jug."

The thought put an idea into Bugaboo's mind. "I wonder kin I trick him out of a drink?"

He knew it would take some nard tricking to get that jug away from the driver's waist long enough to take a drink, so he wrapped his blanket around his shoulders and lay down against the side of the boiler to think.

Old Folks observed his movements warily. "Hit's somethin' goin' on in dat nigger's haid," he said to himself, "and I bet hit's a plan to hide out on me whilst us is unloadin' at Whitehall. I jes' bet." The driver gripped his hickory staff. "And I bet ef'n he tries to hide out on me, I bet I'm gonter track him down like a bloodhound and wear dis yar stick out on him."

And, that point settled, Old Folks bundled up in his blanket and lay down by the side of Bugaboo.

(*Continued on page 44*)

WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE A PARTY!

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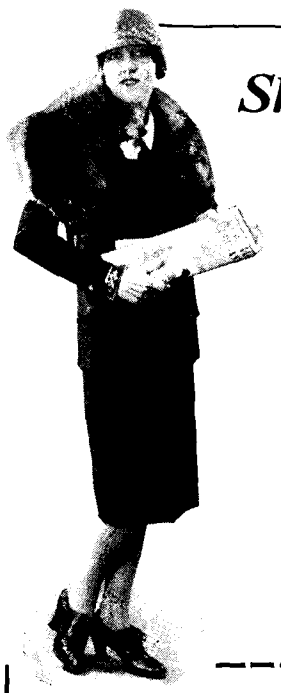

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The Tricker

Continued from page 43

Then the trick battle started.

Bugaboo snored disinterestedly, and Old Folks snored back. It was pitch dark and neither could see more than the bulky outline of the other.

"He's gone," Bugaboo decided, and he moved his hand toward Old Folks' belt in the final maneuver to get possession of the gin. But in the darkness there was a sharp swish of Old Folks' hickory staff, and it landed squarely across Bugaboo's trespassing arm. Bugaboo removed his arm quickly and snored innocently, and Old Folks returned the snore.

"Dis ain't gittin' me nowheres," Bugaboo decided finally. "I got to trick me out another trick."

He walked to the railing, carefully stepping around the other Negroes, who were huddled up against the side of the boiler, fast asleep. Away from the protection of the warm boiler, the chilly wind and dampness emphasized in Bugaboo's mind just how disagreeable would be the night job of unloading the wire at Whitehall. There was no use to try to trick Old Folks out of unloading the wire.

But it seemed certain that Old Folks was not going to sleep as long as Bugaboo stayed around. And it also seemed certain that he could not get at that jug of gin until Old Folks went to sleep. The thing was to find some place where he could remain without too much discomfort until the possessor of the gin fell asleep.

Finally Bugaboo wandered around to the windward side of the boiler. The wind beat against it almost incessantly, but the boiler was warm. He sat down and drew his blanket about his head and shoulders to ward off the weather.

In the meantime Old Folks was wide-awake. He had watched the scheming Bugaboo get up, and he had listened to his tramping about the deck. Long experience on the boat enabled him to picture minutely every move that Bugaboo made. "He'll hunt de yuther side er de b'iler terreckly," Old Folks surmised, "and dat lazy scound'el had ruther sleep over yonder in de rain den tote de bob wire."

The mere thought of the wet bed of Bugaboo made Old Folks shiver, and he unstrapped his jug and took a drink.

"Right square out in de rain," he repeated, and washed the thought down with another drink. "I'm jes' gonter see wid my own eyes, to make sho'," he decided, and he got up. His legs wabbled slightly. "Mighty stout gin," he remarked. "But hit's mighty stout weather too," and he made his way to the opposite side of the boiler.

IN THE darkness he could barely make out the bulky form of Bugaboo huddled against the side of the boiler. Bugaboo, Old Folks decided, was having a pretty tough time of it, trying to keep the wind from blowing away his blanket.

"I'm jes' gonter let dat rascal lay in de rain," Old Folks decided, "to us lands. Den I'm gonter wa'm him up wid disyar hickory." The old man hobbled back to his side of the boiler, talk-singing to his unsteady steps:

"I'm goin' down to de river—
See dat steamboat er landin'—
H'ar way back and hollers
Shoot de licker to me, John!

"Lawd, Lawd," he chuckled, "Yar me old enough to be Methooselum's granddaddy, and a-singin' dat John song. Lawd, Lawd."

He sat down by the protected side of the boiler, pulled his blanket about his shoulders, and unstrapped his gin jug again. "Singin' ole John jes' like a young buck nigger." He took another drink.

"My black gal, she don't love me—
My brown, she up and quit me—
My wife runned off wid de preacher—
Shoot de licker to me, John!

"Jes' listen at dat," he chuckled. "Jes' like a young buck nigger. Lawd, Lawd. 'Shoot de licker to me, John!' Humph! I's actin' up round yar like ole John done shot de licker to me. Yar, jug, you git back yar whar you b'longs befo' I gits drunked. Ole man like me, settin' yar singin' dat John song!"

He buckled the jug back to his waist and lay back against the warm boiler.

The next thing that Old Folks knew the bell was ringing and the whistle was blowing. He opened his eyes and could just make out the levee resting under the heavy fog of a sleepy dawn. It was evident that the wind had held the boat back several hours and the landing was that much later than had been expected.

"Roll out, you bullies," he called loudly. "We hits de plank now. Can't stay tied up yar all day and night too. Le's git goin'."

Old Folks always said that when the steamboat landed. He had said it for years and years, night and day. The gin was resting with a dull, aching effect upon his brain, but Old Folks did not have to use his brain to get the roustabouts started up and down the gangplank.

The brisk morning breeze that was lifting the fog from the levee top was lifting the gin fog from Old Folks' head. In a brief minute he was more than halfway conscious of a loose, free feeling about his middle, and the more he cussed and bawled at the roustabouts, the more strongly he felt that something was wrong.

"You Footses! Don't go rollin' dat bob wire! Put hit on you' back and wawk away like a man!" And he added to himself, "I be doggone ef'n I don't feel like my pants is about to drap off."

When the next roustabout was dispatched up the plank, Old Folks ran his hand about his waistline. The pants were there, all right, but there was something unnecessarily loose about them. He tugged at his belt, and it yielded. He pulled again, and it slid out of the trouser loops. It had been cut in two. Suddenly he remembered his jug of gin, and he felt nervously about his waist for it. It was gone.

"Some thievin' rouster done stole my gin," he muttered, and he walked to the gangplank, where every man had to pass close to him.

"I'm gonter smell ev'y nigger dat passes up dis plank," he grumbled, "and de fust one which smells like my gin, I'm gonter knock 'em in de river."

Old Folks stood in outraged silence while the line went around, but nary a whiff of gin did he get.

"Dat's quar," he pondered. "Somebody must er tuck hit."

It took time for things to get straightened out in his gin-fogged brain, but the fresh, early morning air helped. Then, just as the sun broke over the treetops that lined the levee on the opposite bank, the truth came to Old Folks.

"Bugaboo!" he exclaimed fiercely. "Dat lazy scound'el ain't not on'y laid out on me, but he waited out on me and stole my gin when I was sleepin'."

Grumbling to himself, Old Folks shambled along the deck and to the side of the boiler where he had seen Bugaboo hiding the night before. There lay Bugaboo, sprawled flat, sound asleep. By his side, carefully nested in his blanket, was Old Folks' jug.

Old Folks picked up the jug nervously and shook it inquiringly. A reassuring slosh answered, and he removed the stopper and drank. Then without a word he set to work with his staff.

THREE sharp raps on the broad back of Bugaboo roused him from the drunken sleep, and he sat up, but not before Old Folks got in the fourth lick.

"Aw, watch out wid dat stick, Mister Fo'ks," Bugaboo pleaded sleepily. But Old Folks kept right on.

"You stole my gin!" he roared.

"Nawsuh, dat was jes' a trick." Bugaboo was waking up now.

"And you tried to hide out on me."

"Nawsuh," Bugaboo denied.

"Nuther one er yo' tricks, I reckons"—wham! Old Folks brought the hickory down again.

"Nawsuh, Mister Fo'ks. I jes' forgits and goes to sleep over yar." Bugaboo was squirming away and making most of the blows miss.

"I aims to beat you to you can't see," Old Folks roared, swinging vainly at the retreating Bugaboo. "Now you git up yonder and git to totin' dat wire befo' I breaks yo' neck."

Bugaboo got there in a hurry. Not more than two dozen spools had been carried ashore. The sun was now well above the tree tops, and the slanting rays carried warmth. He looked up the gangplank and saw that a group of plantation Negroes had been attracted by the sound of the steamboat. There were men and children among the early risers, but Bugaboo noted there were several women too.

With a satisfied grin on his face, Bugaboo coiled each of his long arms around a spool of the wire and began his swaggering journey up the gangplank. To make sure the women would notice his double load, he burst into song:

"Got a brown-skin gal at Natchez;
Got a black at Baton Rouge.
Maybe my brown she don't love me,
But my black sweet mamma do's."

If they hadn't noticed the two spools of wire, they noticed that song.

"Looky yonder at de big boy," one of the women called out. "Got bofe arms full er bob wire, and a-singin' about his womenfo'ks."

"And befo' breakfus'," another one giggled.

Bugaboo swaggered on a few more steps and laid down the wire.

"Hod-do-mighty!" he exclaimed. "I'm a steamboatin' fool, and I don't keer who likes hit."

Everybody laughed at that. Even Old Folks chuckled. "Maybe you is, Big Boy," he hollered, "but I shot de hickory to you, John."

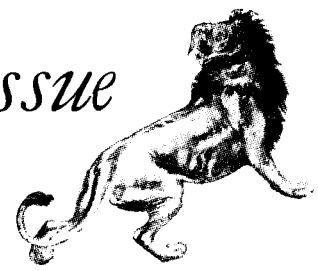
"I tricked you ouder some gin," Bugaboo bantered.

"You ain't trickin' nobody," Old Folks returned.

Bugaboo looked at all the women standing about, admiring him. They were thicker than that at Baton Rouge and Natchez and Vicksburg. And in New Orleans he could hardly keep them away—and nothing to do but a little work and ride up and down the river on the old John D. Grace. He laughed.

"Naw, I ain't trickin' you, Mister Fo'ks," he said. "But what you don't know ain't no skin off'n yo' back."

In THIS *Issue*



WELCOME HOME
By Alice Duer Miller.
A romantic new novel . Page 5

WIDE OPEN. *By Walter Davenport.*
The lid is still off in Chicago . . . . Page 8

THE TRICKER. *A short story by Roark Bradford . Page 10*

WHAT'S AHEAD FOR CROWNS. *By Grantland Rice . Page 12*

IF I HADN'T MARRIED YOU
A short short story by Don Marquis . . . Page 13

WHY ANTIQUES ARE WORTH IT. *By Rose Feld . Page 14*

LILY THE LION TAMER.
A love story by Owen P. White . . . . Page 15

SAILING AT DAWN. *A short story by Ernest Poole . Page 17*

CREATURES OF THE NIGHT. *In pictures . . . Page 18*

WITH A DASH. *By E. Phillips Oppenheim.*
Another adventure of Major Forester . . . Page 20

THE VALLEY GIRL. *By Albert Payson Terhune.*
A new novel with synopsis . . . . . Page 23

FROM FISTS TO FAUST. *By John B. Kennedy . . Page 27*

NAMEOGRAPHS . . . . . Page 28

McGOOFEY'S FIRST READER. *By H. I. Phillips . . Page 30*

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? *By Milton C. Work . . Page 36*

ONLY CAL IS COOL. *By The Gentleman at the Keyhole . Page 38*

PICKED OUT OF THE AIR. *By Jack Binns . . . Page 40*

TOM MASSON SAYS . . . . . Page 42

EDITORIALS . . . . . Page 46

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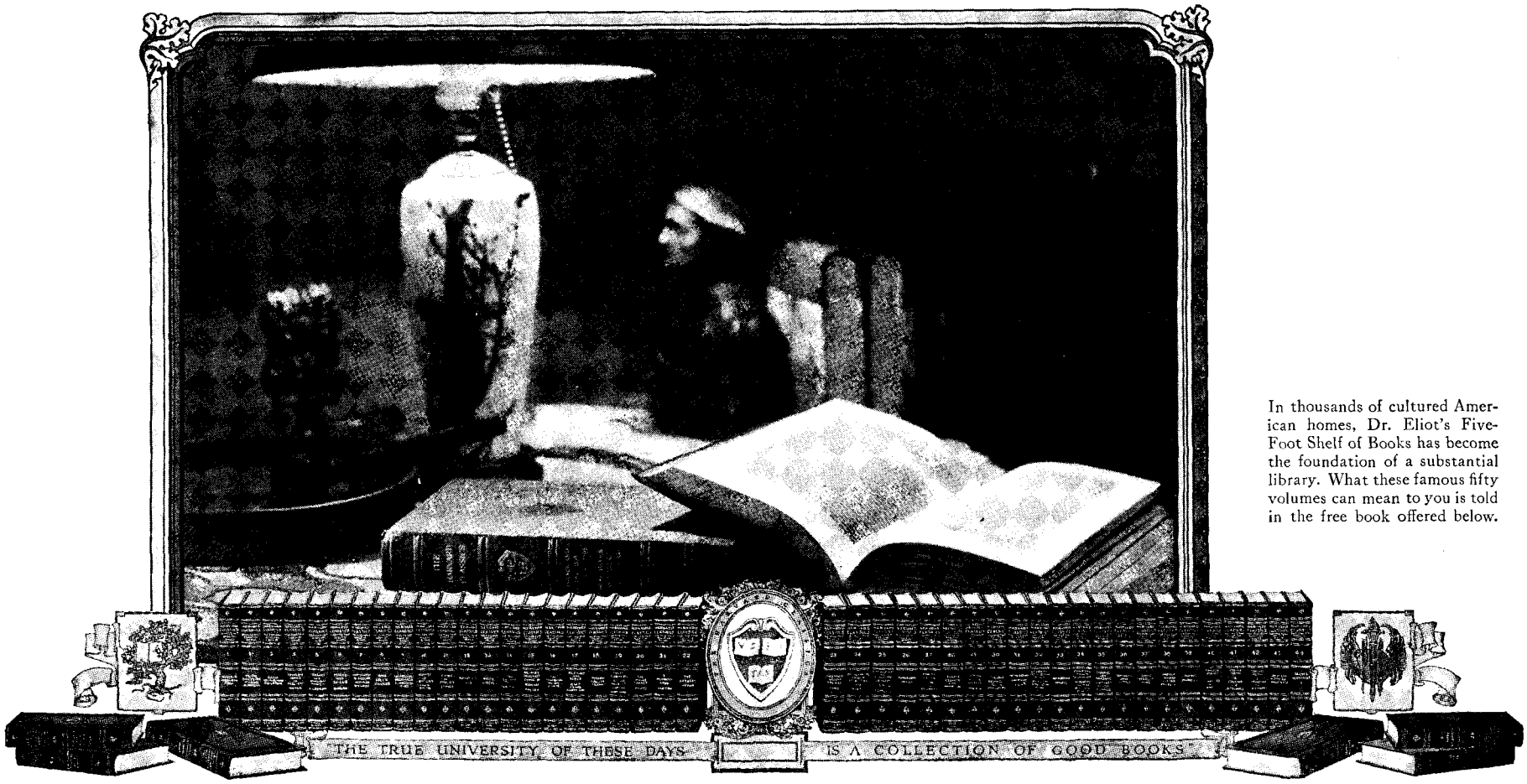

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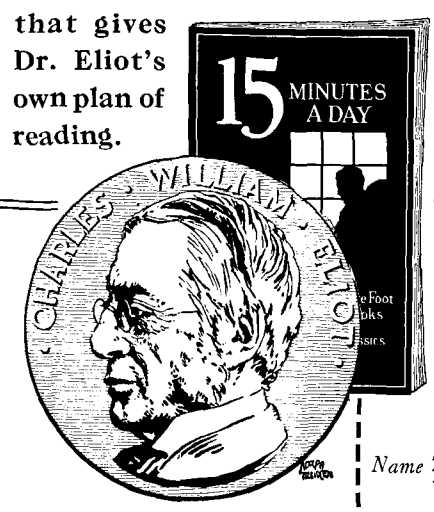

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
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Campaign Buncombe

DENVER recently elected S. Harrison White, a Democrat, to Congress after a bitter campaign which centered around the repeal of the Volstead Act.

In the course of the campaign a preacher opposing Congressman White said publicly:

"The booze barons of Europe are behind this campaign."

This is the sort of foolishness which makes self-government ridiculous. The booze barons interested in the repeal of the Volstead Act don't live in Europe. A reckless speaker, however, did not hesitate to try to make his appeal more effective by arousing the dormant prejudice against foreigners. What matter if his statement were wholly false? In political struggles the rule seems to be growing up that truth mustn't be allowed to stand in the way of an appealing argument.

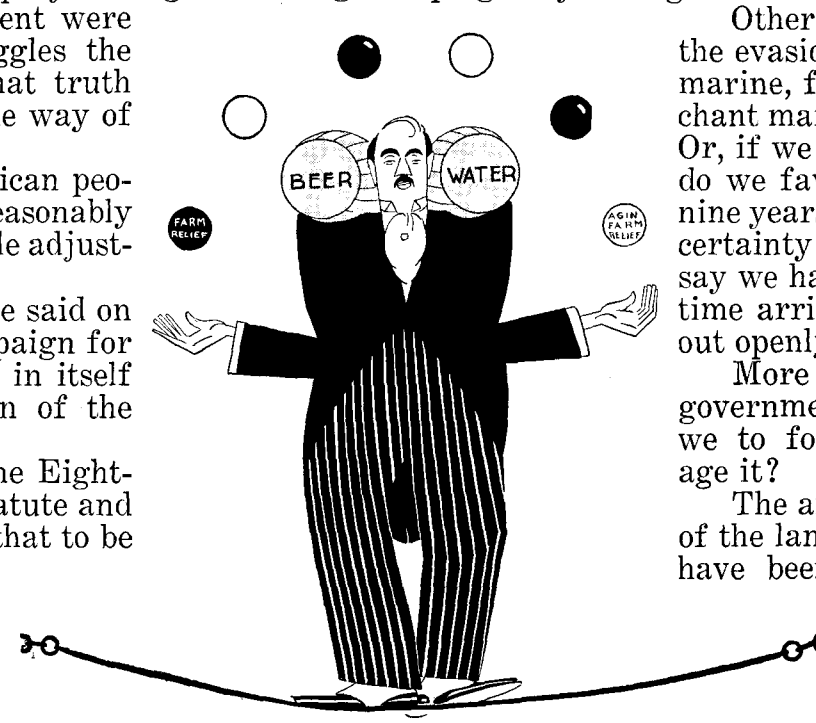
Yet no issue before the American people more needs to be discussed reasonably if ever we are to reach an honorable adjustment.

Certainly there is enough to be said on both sides of prohibition. A campaign for the repeal of the Volstead Act is in itself futile except as a demonstration of the drift of public sentiment.

Behind the Volstead Act is the Eighteenth Amendment. Repeal the statute and the Constitution still stands. Is that to be nullified?

Leaders of both parties in many states, both Wets and Drys, are trying to evade that issue.

Why not confront the situation courageously? The important facts are sufficiently obvious and indisputable.



Guaranteed to please everybody

Federal prohibition can't be ended legally without undoing the Eighteenth Amendment. Repealing a part of the Constitution is enormously difficult. Yet without repeal the liquor traffic cannot be made lawful.

What then do we want? Three things are possible—Enforcement, Repeal, or Nullification. So far we have had corrupt and clandestine nullification. Is that the best which statesmanship can offer?

Both political parties should honestly state their positions. No good comes from merely saying "I am against the Volstead Act," or "I am in favor of prohibition." What of it? A candidate for Congress should be compelled to tell what he intends to do about it.

If he favors prohibition, has he any plan to strengthen and purify the enforcement of the law?

If he is against prohibition, does he intend to seek the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment? Does he think that undertaking too difficult and is he proposing a nullification of the Constitution? Talk out, gentlemen; we are on the eve of a Presidential campaign and the voters would like to know where you stand.

Other issues cry aloud for clear thinking and honest statement and on these issues we are equally shifty.

The farmers want government relief. Are they to be given merely a mess of ambiguous words?

Of course the farm question isn't easy but assuredly it is not insoluble.

A substitute for the McNary-Haugen bill ought to be brought forth or else the farmers should be plainly told that by economic methods, and not by political measures, they must seek relief.

No political party is going to win votes in many campaigns by faking the farmers.

Other domestic issues are shrouded in the evasions of politicians. The merchant marine, for example. Do we want a merchant marine badly enough to subsidize it? Or, if we won't subsidize private business, do we favor government operation? For nine years now we have had silence and uncertainty and meanwhile our competitors say we have failed on the sea. Hasn't the time arrived when politicians dare speak out openly?

More important still, what is to be the government attitude toward business? Are we to forbid combination or to encourage it?

The anti-trust statutes are still the law of the land and at the same time railroads have been told half-heartedly to merge into power and stronger systems.

What Congress seemed to authorize the Interstate Commerce Commission hesitates to allow, fearful lest it err in granting more than the courts or public opinion might tolerate.

Our public policy is just as muddled here as it is with reference to prohibition.

Politicians act endlessly on the assumption that voters haven't the gumption or the courage to stand a dose of plain and truthful speech. So we say one thing and do another and hope fatuously that out of a mass of indirections we can make progress along a straight line.

Nothing is ever solved by evasions or false statements. Nullifying the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments merely complicated the Negro problem. Nullifying the Eighteenth Amendment has only resulted in corrupting government officials, increasing violence and general lawlessness, and in the distribution of inferior and poisonous liquor.

Refusal to deal frankly with business and with farmers has but served to postpone issues which long ago might have been closed.

The American public is intelligent enough to stand truthful discussion and the party which first has the courage of its convictions will undoubtedly reap a great reward.

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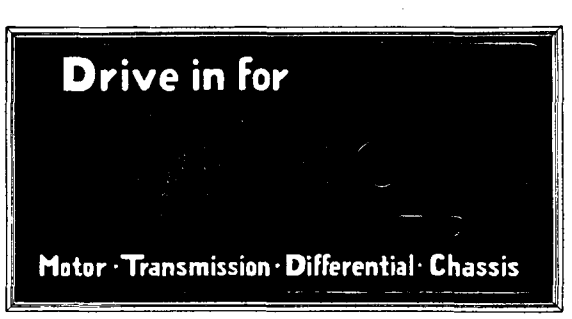

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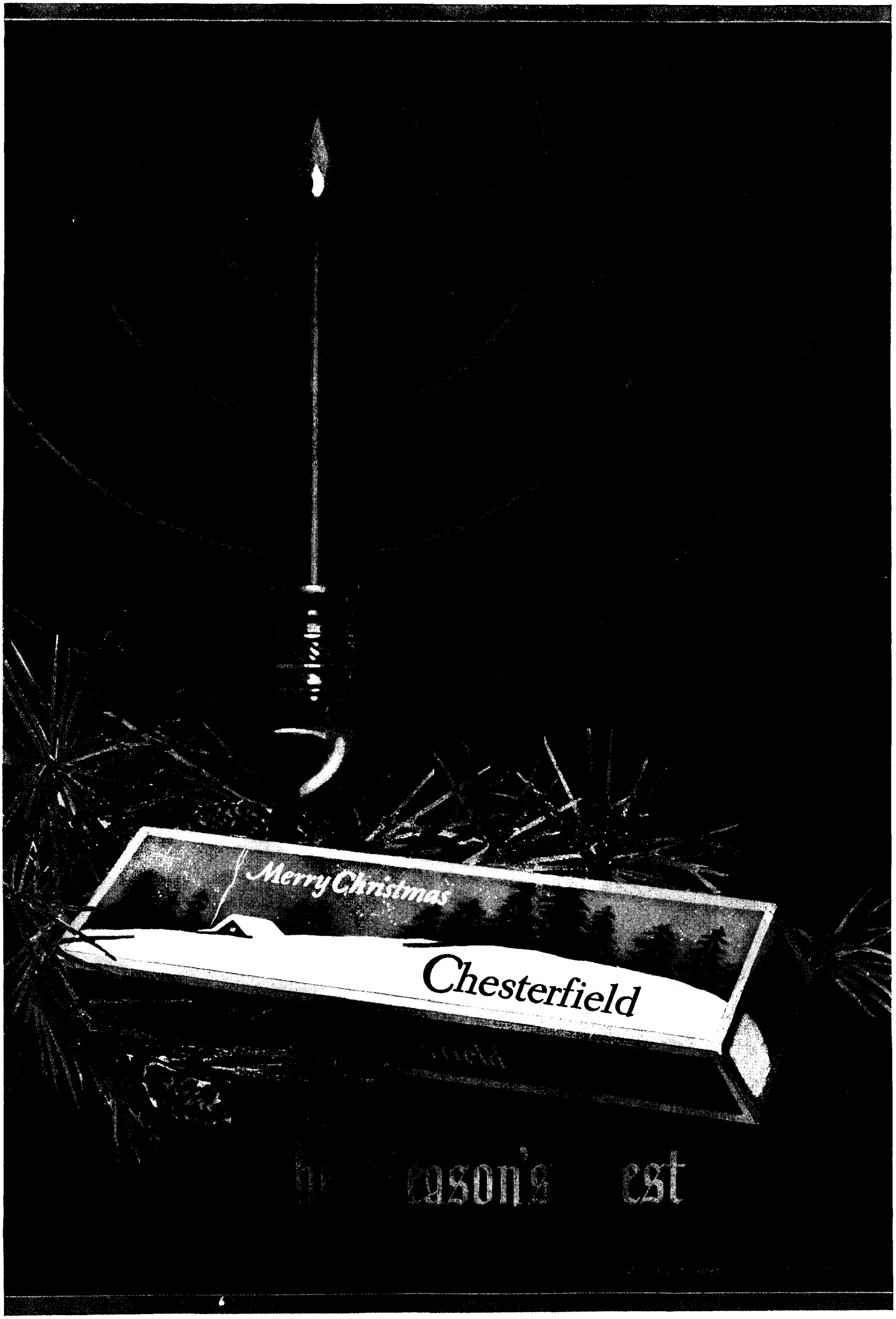

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